

OEDIPUS:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at His

Royal Highness

THE

DUKE's Theatre.

The AUTHORS

Mr. DRYDEN, and Mr. LEE

The Fourth Edition.

*Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem
Ni teneant. ——— Virgil.*

*Vos exemplaria Græcæ,
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna. — Horat.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Bentley in Russel-street in
Covent-Garden. 1692.

OF DIPLO

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PREFACE.

THOUGH it be dangerous to raise too great an expectation, especially in works of this Nature, where we are to please an insatiable Audience, yet 'tis reasonable to prepossess them in favour of an Author, and therefore both the Prologue and Epilogue inform'd you, that Oedipus was the most celebrated piece of all Antiquity. That Sophocles, not only the Greatest Wit, but one of the greatest Men in Athens, made it for the Stage, at the Publick Cost; and that it had the reputation of being his Master-piece, not only amongst the Seven of his which are still remaining, but of the greater Number which are perish'd. Aristotle has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetery, Horace has mention'd it: Lucullus, Julius Cæsar, and other noble Romans, have written on the same Subject, though their Poems are wholly lost, but Seneca's is still preserv'd. In our own Age, Corneille has attempted it, and it appears by his Preface, with great success. But a judicious Reader will easily observe, how much the Copy is inferiour to the Original. He tells you himself, that he owes a great part of his success to the happy Episode of Theſeus and Dirce; which is the same thing, as if we should acknowledge, that we were indebted for our good fortune, to the under-plot of Adrastus, Eurydice, and Creon. The truth is, he miserably fail'd in the Character of his Hero: if he desir'd that Oedipus should be pitied, he should have made him a better man. He forgets that Sophocles had taken care to shew him in his first entrance, a just, a merciful, a successful, a religious Prince, and in short a Father of his Country: instead of these, he has drawn him suspicious, desirous, more anxious of keeping the Theban Crown, than solicitous for the safety of his People: Elector'd by Theſeus, contemn'd by Dirce, and scarce maintaining a second part in his own Tragedy. This was an error in the best Concoction, and therefore never to be mended in the second or the third: He introduc'd a greater Hero than Oedipus himself; for when Theſeus was once there, that Comparison of Hercules

The Preface.

coles must yield to none: The Poet was oblig'd to furnish him with
 business, to make him an Equipage suitable to his dignity, and by fol-
 lowing him too close, to lose his other King of Bransford in the Crowd.
 Seneca on the other side, as if there were no such thing as Nature to be
 minded in a Play, is always running after pompous expressions, pointed
 sentences, and Philosophical notions, more proper for the Study than the
 Stage: The French-man follow'd a wrong scent; and the Roman was
 absolutely at cold Hunting. All we cou'd gather out of Cornelle, was,
 that an Episode must be, but not his way: and Seneca supply'd us with
 no new hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his Tircas rai-
 sing the Ghost of Lajos: which is here perform'd in view of the Audi-
 ence, the Rights and Ceremonies so far his, as he agreed with Antiqui-
 ty, and the Religion of the Greeks; but he himself was beholding to
 Homer's Tircas in the Odyssees for some of them: and the rest have
 been collected from Heliodore's Ethiopiques, and Lucan's Erichtho.
 Sophocles indeed is admirable every where: And therefore we have
 follow'd him as close as possibly we cou'd: But the Athenian Theater,
 (whether more Perfect than ours is not now disputed) had a perfection
 differing from our. You see there in every Act a single Scene, (or two
 at most) which manage the business of the Play, and after that succeeds
 the Chorus, which commonly takes up more time in singing than there
 has been employ'd in speaking. The principal person appears almost
 constantly through the Play; but the inferior parts seldom above once
 in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult,
 where we are oblig'd never to lose any considerable character which we
 have once presented. Custom likewise has obtain'd, that we must form
 an under-plot of second persons, which must be depending on the first,
 and their by-walks must be like those in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em
 lead into the great Parterre: or like so many several lodging Chambers,
 which have their out-lets into the same Gallery. Perhaps after all, if
 we could think so, the ancient method, as 'tis the easiest, is also the most
 Natural, and the best. For variety as 'tis manag'd, is too often subject
 to breed distraction: and while we would please too many ways, for
 want of art in the conduct, we please in none. But we have given
 you more already than was necessary for a Preface, and for ought we
 know, may gain no more by our distractions, than that publick Na-
 tion is like to do, who have taught their Rhetorick to fight so long,
 that at last they are in a condition to invade them.

Dramatis Personæ.

Oedipus	Mr. Betterton.
Adrastus	Mr. Smith.
Creon	Mr. Samsford.
Tiresias	Mr. Harris.
Hæmon	Mr. Crosby.
Alcander	Mr. Williams.
Diocles	Mr. Norris.
Pyramon	Mr. Beman.
Phorbas	Mr. Gillo.
Dymas	
Egeon	
Ghost of Laius	Mr. Williams.

WOMEN.

Jocasta	Mrs. Betterton.
Eurydice	Mrs. Lee.
Manto	Mrs. Evans.

Priests, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

SCENE THE FIRST.

OEDIPUS.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN Athens all the Grecian State did guide,
 And Greece gave Laws to all the World beside,
 Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
 Supreme in Wisdom one, and one in Wit:
 And Wit from Wisdom differ'd not in those,
 But as 'twas Sung in Verse, or said in Prose.
 Then, Oedipus, in Crowned Theatres,
 Drew all admiring Eyes and listening Ears;
 The pleas'd Spectator shout'd every Line,
 The Noblest; manliest; and the Best Design!
 And every Critick of each learned Age
 By this just Model has reform'd the Stage.
 Now, should it fail, let Heaven avert our Fear,
 Damn it in silence, lest the World should hear
 For were it known this Poem did not please,
 You might set up for perfect Salvages:
 Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men:
 But think the Nation all turn'd Pits agen.
 'Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit
 You should suspect your selves of too much Wit.
 Drive not the Joke too far, but spare this Piece.
 And, for this once, be not more Wise than Greece.
 See twice! Do not peck mell to Champing Jell,
 Like true born Britains, who ne're think at all:
 Pray be advis'd; and though at Mons you won,
 On pointed Mounds do not always run.
 With some respect to ancient Wits proceed;
 You take the four first Councils for your Creed.
 But when you lay Reason wholly by,
 And on the private Spirit alone rely,
 You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.
 If you offend the Law in any case,
 You needs will have your pen-worths of the Play:
 And come resolv'd to Damn, because you pay
 Record it, in Memorial of the Fact.
 The first Play bury'd since the Woolen Act.

OEDIPUS.

O E D I P U S

ACT I. SCENE *Thebes.*

The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the present condition of Thebes; Dead Bodies appear as a Mass on the Streets; Bones faintly go over the Stage, others drop.

Enter Alcander, Diocles, Pyramon.

Alc. **M**ethinks we stand on Ruines; Nature shakes

About us; and the Universal Frame

So loose, that it but wants another push

To leap from off its Hinges.

Dioc. No Sun to cheer us; but a Bloody Globe

That rows above; a bald and Beardless Fire;

His Face o're-grown with Scurf; the Sun's set too;

Shortly he'll be an Earth.

Py. Therefore the Seasons

Lye all confus'd; and by the Heaven's neglected,

Forget themselves: Blind Winter meets the Summer

In his Mid-way, and, seeing not his Livery,

Has driv'n him headlong back: And the vaw-damps

With staggery Wings fly heavily about,

Scattering their Pestilential Cold and Ruines

Through all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murrains follow,

On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds:

At last, the Malady

Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog

Dy'd at his Master's Feet.

Dioc. And next his Master:

For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,

First on inferiour Creatures try'd their force;

And last they seiz'd on Man.

Py. And then a thousand deaths at once advance

And

O E D I P U S.

And every Dart took place; all was so sudden,
That scarce a first Man fell, one but began
To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
Dropt in the pious Act. Heard you that groan?

[Groan with.]

Dio. A Troop of Ghosts took flight together there:

Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more

For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes:

How are we sure we breathe not now our last?

And that next minute,

Our Bodies cast into some common Pit,

Shall not be built upon, and overlaid

By half a people?

Alc. There's a Chain of Causes

Link'd to Effects; inevitable Necessity

That what e're is, could not but so have been;

That's my security.

To them Enter Creon.

Creon. So had it need, when all our streets lie cover'd

With dead and dying Men,

And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements

More than she hides in Graves!

Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen

The Nuptial Torch do common offices

Of Marriage and of Death.

Dio. Now, *Oedipus*,

(If he return from War, our other Plague)

Will scarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble Pean will be sung before him,

Alc. He would do well to bring the Wives and Children

Of Conquer'd *Argians* to renew his *Theban*

Creon. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates

With their detested Omen.

Dio. Of his Children.

Creon. Nay, though she be my Sister, of his Wife.

Alc. Oh that our *Thebes* might once again behold

A Monarch *Theban* born!

Dio. We might have had one.

Pyr. Yes, had the people pleas'd.

Creon. Come, were my Friends;

The Queen my Sister, after *Laius's* death,

Fear'd to lye single; and supply'd his place

With a young Succallor,

Dio.

Dioc. He much resembles
Her former Husband too.

Alc. I always thought so.

Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his black Locks
He will be very *Lajus*.

Creon. So he will.

Mean time she stands provided of a *Lajus*
More young and vigorous too, by twenty Springs.
These Women are such cunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,
The same resemblance in a younger Lover
Lies brooding in their Fancies the same Pleasures,
And urges their remembrance to desire.

Dioc. Had merit, not her dotage, been consider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *Oedipus*,
A stranger!

Creon. That word stranger, I confess
Sounds harshly in my Ears.

Dioc. We are your Creatures.
The people prone, as in all general ills,
To sudden change; the King in Wars abroad,
The Queen a Woman, weak and unregarded;
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
A Princess young and beautiful, and unmarried.
Methinks from these disjoyned Propositions
Something might be produc'd.

Creon. The Gods have done
Their part, by sending this commodious Plague,
But oh the Princess! her hard heart is shut
By Adamantine Locks against my Love.

Alc. Your claim to her is strong; you are betroth'd.

Pyr. True! in her Nonage.

Alc. But that let's remov'd.

Dioc. I heard the Prince of *Argos*, your *Adrastus*,
When he was hostage here——

Creon. Oh name him not! the bane of all my hopes;
That hot-brain'd, head-long Warriour, has the Charms
Of youth, and somewhat of a Lucky rashness,
To please a Woman yet more Fool than he.
That thoughtless Sex is caught by outward form
And empty noise, and loves it self in man.

Alc. But since the War broke out about our Frontiers
He's now a Foe to *Thebes*.

Creon. But is not so to her; see, she appears;
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: you innuinate

Alc.

B. Kind

Kind thoughts of me into the multitude;
Lay load upon the Court; gull 'em with freedom;
And you shall see 'em toss their Tails, and gad,
As if the Breeze had strung 'em.

Dioc. We'll about it.

[*Exeunt Alcander, Diocles, Pyracmon.*]

Enter Eurydice.

Creon. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Eurydice*!
A lavish Planet reign'd when thou wert born;
And made thee of such kindred-mold to Heaven,
Thou seem'st more Heaven's than ours.

Euryd. Cast round your Eyes,
Where late the Streets were so thick town with Men,
Like *Gadmus* Brood-they justified for the passage:
Now look for those erected heads, and see 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick ways:
When you have thought on this, then answer me,
If these be hours of Courtship?

Creon. Yes, they are;
For when the Gods destroy, 'tis time
We should renew the Race.

Euryd. What, in the midst of horror!

Creon. Why not then?
There's the more need of Comfort.

Euryd. Impious *Creon*!

Creon. Unjust *Eurydice*! can you accuse me
Of love, which is Heaven's precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you say pursues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries?

Euryd. Still th' old Argument:
I bad you cast your Eyes on other Men,
Now cast 'em on your self: think what you are.

Creon. A Man.

Euryd. A Man!

Creon. Why doubt you? I'm a Man.

Euryd. 'Tis well you tell me so, I should mistake you
For any other part o'th' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man: hence from my sight,
Thou poison to my Eyes.

Creon. 'Twas you first poison'd mine; and yes, methinks
My Face and Person shou'd not make you sport.

Euryd. You force me, by your importunities,
To shew you what you are.

Creon. A Prince, who loves you:

And since your pride provokes me, worth your love,
Ev'n at his highest value.

Euryd. Love from thee?

Why love renounc'd thee e're thou saw'st the light:

Nature her self start back when thou wert born,

And cry'd the work's not mine——

The Midwife stood agast; and when she saw

Thy Mountain back, and thy distorted legs,

Thy face it self,

Half-minted with the Royal stamp of Man,

And half o'recome with beast, stood doubting long,

Whose right in thee were more:

And knew not if to burn thee in the flames,

Were not the holier work.

Creon. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my body

In so perverse a mold? yet when she cast

Her envious hand upon my supple joints,

Unable to resist, and rumpled 'em

On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge

Her bungled work, she stamp'd my mind more fair:

And as from Chaos, huddled and deform'd,

The Gods struck fire, and lighted up the Lamps

That beautifie the Sky, so she inform'd

This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:

And making less than Man, she made me more.

Eurid. No, thou art all one errour; Soul and Body;

The first young tryal of some unskill'd Pow'r,

Rude in the making Art, and Ape of Fate.

Thy crooked mind within, hunch'd out thy back,

And wander'd in thy limbs: to thy own kind

Make love, if thou canst find it in the World;

And seek not from our Sex to raise an off-spring,

Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the Gods

To cut off Humane Kind.

Creon. No; let 'em leave

The Argian Prince for you: that Enemy

Of Thebes has made you false, and break the Vows

You made to me.

Euryd. They were my Mother's Vows,

Made when I was at Nurse.

Creon. But hear me, Maid;

This Blot of Nature, this deform'd loath'd Creon,

Is Master of a Sword, to reach the blood

Of your young Minion, spoil the Gods fine work,

And stab you in his heart.

Euryd. This when thou doest,
Then mayst thou still be curs'd with Loving me:
And, as thou art, be still unpitied, loath'd;
And let his Ghost——No, let his Ghost have rest;
But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himself. [Exit Eurydice.]

Creon. 'Tis true, I am
What she has told me, an offence to fight:
My body opens inward to my Soul,
And lets in day to make my Vices seen,
By all discerning Eyes, but the blind vulgar.
I must haste e're *Oedipus* return,
To snatch the Crown and her; for I still love;
But love with malice; as an angry Cur
Snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and stanch
The hunger of my love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the scraps for Slaves.

Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff; and led by his Daughter Manto.

What makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad?
Wou'd his *Apollo* had him, he's too holy
For Earth and me; I'll shun his walk; and seek
My popular Friends. [Exit Creon.]

Tiresias. A little farther, yet a little farther;
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old man,
Conduct my weary steps; and thou who seest
For me and for thy self, beware thou tread not
With impious steps upon dead Corps;——Now stay;
Methinks I draw more open, vital air,
Where are we?

Manto. Under Covert of a wall:
The most-frequented once, and noisy part
Of *Thebes*, now midnight silence reigns even here;
And grass untrodden springs beneath our feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this place a Sunny bank,
There let me rest a while: a Sunny bank!
Alas how can it be, where no Sun shines!
But a dim winking Taper in the Skyes;
That nods, and scarce holds up his drowsy head
To glimmer through the damps.

[A Noise within, follow, follow, follow, A Creon.]

Mark! a tumultuous noise, and *Creon's* name
Thrice eccho'd. A Creon, A Creon, A Creon.

Man.

OEDIPUS

Man. Fly, the tempest drives this way.

Tir. Whither can Age and Blindness take their flight? NO
If I could fly, what could I suffer worse,
Secure of greater ill! *[Noise again, Creon, Creon, Creon.]*

Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon; followed by the Crowd.

Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen; but must refuse
The honours you intend me, they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think agen,
And make a better choice.

1 Cit. Think twice! I ne're thought twice in all my life:
That's double Work.

2 Cit. My first word is always my second; and therefore I'll have
No second word; and therefore once again I say, A *Creon*.

All. A *Creon*, a *Creon*, a *Creon*.

Creon. Yet here me, Fellow Citizens.

Dioc. Fellow Citizens! there was a word of kindness.

Alc. When did *Oedipus* salute you by that familiar name?

1 Cit. Never, never; he was too proud.

Creon. Indeed he could not, for he was a stranger:

But under him our *Thebes* is half destroyed.

Forbid it Heav'n the residue should perish

Under a *Theban* born.

'Tis true, the Gods might send this Plague among you,

Because a stranger rul'd: but what of that,

Can I redress it now?

3 Cit. Yes, you or none.

'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us:

Because he Reigns.

Creon. *Oedipus* may return: you may be ruin'd.

1 Cit. Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2 Cit. Half of us that are here present, were living men but

Yesterday, and we that are absent do but drop and drop,

And no man knows whether he be dead or living. And

Therefore while we are sound and well, let us satisfy our

Consciences, and make a new King.

3 Cit. Ha, if we were but worthy to see another Coronation,

And then if we must dye, we'll go merrily together.

All. To the question, to the question.

Dioc. Are you content, *Creon* should be your King?

All. A *Creon*, a *Creon*, a *Creon*.

Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans*, and thou *Creon*, hear me!

1 Cit. Who's that would be heard; we'll hear no man:

We can scarce hear one another.

OEDIPUS

Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me:
2 Cit. Oh, 'tis *Odipus*; *Rich.* we must hear him: 'tis the old blind Prophet that sees all things.

2 Cr. He comes from the Gods' top, and they are our batters;
 And therefore in good manners we must hear him: Speak, Prophet.

2 Cit. For coming from the Gods, that's no great matter.
 They can all say that; but he's a great Scholar, he can make Almanacks, and he was put to's and therefore I say hear him.

Tir. When angry Heaven scatters its plagues among you,
 Is it for nought, ye *Thebans*! are the Gods
 Unjust in punishing? are there no Crimes
 Which put this Vengeance down?

1 Cit. Yes, yes, no doubt there are some Sins stirring
 That are the cause of all.

3 Cit. Yes there are Sins; or we should have no Taxes.

2 Cit. For my part I can speak it with a safe Confidence,
 I ne're sin'd in all my life.

1 Cit. Nor I.

3 Cit. Nor I.

2 Cit. Then we are all justified, the Sin lies not at our doors.

Tir. All justified alike, and yet all guilty;
 Were every Man's false dealing brought to light,
 His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
 His Weights and Measures, th' other Man's Extortions,
 With what Face could you all offend Heaven?
 You had not sin'd?

2 Cit. Nay, if these be sins, the case is alter'd: for my part I never
 Thought any thing but Murder had been a sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than nothing,
 You add Rebellion to 'em; impious *Thebans*!

Have you not sworn before the Gods to serve
 And to obey this *Odipus*, your King?

By publick voice elected to answer me,
 If this be true.

2 Cit. This is true; but it's a hard World Neighbours,
 If a Man's Oath must be his Master.

Creon. Speak *Diocles*; all goes wrong.

Dioc. How can you *Creon*, Countrymen of *Thebes*?
 This holy Sir, who presses you with Oaths,

Forgets your first; were you not sworn before
 To *Lajus* and his Blood?

All. We were; we were.

Dioc. While *Lajus* has a lawful Successor,
 Your first Oath still must bind: *Eurydice*

Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon*:
 Offended

Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Laius*,
A stranger to his Blood,

All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus*.

1. *Cit.* He puts the Prophet in a Mould-hole.

2. *Cit.* I knew it wou'd be so; the last man ever speaks the best reason.

Tir. Can benefits thus dye, ungrateful *Thebans*!

Remember yet, when, after *Laius's* death,
The Monster *Sphinx* laid your rich Country waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your labouring Oxen flew,
Your selves for fear mov'd up within your Walls,
She, taller than your Gates, o're-look'd your Town,
But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
She drove the Air around her like a Whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath, till noon-day dawn'd,
She clapp'd her leathern wing against your Towers,
And thrust out her long neck, ev'n to your doors.

Disc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir. You durst not meet in Temples
T'invoke the Gods for aid, the proudest he
Who leads you now, then crown'd like a dard Lark:
This *Creon* took for fear,

The blood of *Laius* cruddled in his Veins:
Till *Oedipus* arriv'd,

Call'd by his own high courage and the Gods,
Himself to you a God: ye offer'd him
Your Queen, and Crown; but what was then your Crown?
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his success:
Speak then, who is your lawful King?

All. 'Tis *Oedipus*.

Theb. 'Tis *Oedipus* indeed; your King more lawful:
That yet you dream: for something still there lyes
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read through mists:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful birth
Of wondrous Fate; and now, full now unfolding
I see, I see! how terrible it dawns
And my Soul sickens with it.

1. *Cit.* How the God shakes him!

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest! Triumph!
But oh! Guiltless and Guilty: Murder! Parricide:
Incest; Discovery: Punishment:—is ended,
And all your sufferings o're.

A Trumper.

A Trumpet within. Enter Hemus.

Hem. Rouse up ye Thebans; tune your *Io Paas*.
Your King returns; the *Argians*, are o're come;
Their Warlike Prince in single Combat taken,
And led in Bands by God-like *Oedipus*.

Al. *Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus.*

Creon. Furies confound his Fortune! *[Aside.*
Haste, all haste; *To them.*
And meet with Blessings our Victorious King;
Decree Processions; bid new Holy days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raise a Brazen Collum, thus inscrib'd,
To *Oedipus*, now twice a Conquerour; Deliverer of his *Thebes*.
Trust me, I weep for joy to see this day.

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows why then weep it—*Go, Countrymen,*
And, as you us'd to supplicate your Gods—
So meet your King, with Bayes, and Olive Branches;
Bow down, and touch his Knees, and beg from him
An end of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you. *[Ex. Tirielas, the People following.*

Enter Oedipus in Triumph; Adrastus Prisoner; Dymas, Train.

Creon. All hail, great *Oedipus*;
Thou mighty Conquerour, hail; welcome to *Thebes*.
To thy own *Thebes*; to all that's left of *Thebes*.
For half thy Citizens are swept away,
And wanting to thy Triumphs:
And we the happy remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and dye.

Oedipus. Thus pleasure never comes sincere to man;
But lent by Heaven upon hard Usury;
And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E're it can reach our Lips it's dash'd with Gall.
By some left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!
O Conquest gain'd abroad, and lost at home!
O *Argos* now rejoyce, for *Thebes* lyes low;
Thy daughter'd Sons now smile, and think they won,
When they can count more *Theban* Ghosts than theirs.

Adrast. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes*; you temper'd so
Your Courage while you fought, that Mercy seem'd
The Manlier Virtue, and much more prevail'd:
While *Argos* is a People, think your *Thebes*

Can

OEDIPUS.

11

Can never want for Subjects: Every Nation
Will crowd to serve where *Oedipus* commands:

Creon to Ham. How mean it shews to fawn upon the Victor!

Ham. Had you beheld him fight, you had said otherwise:

Come, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy
Superiour Virtue.

Oed. This indeed is Conquest,

To gain a Friend like you: Why were we Foes?

Adrast. 'Cause we were Kings, and each disdain'd an equal.

I fought to have it in my power to do

What thou hast done; and so to use my Conquest;

To shew thee, Honour was my only Motive;

Know this, that were My Army at thy Gates,

And *Thebes* thus waste, I would not take the Gift,

Which, like a Toy, dropt from the hands of Fortune,

Lay for the next chance-comer.

Oed. Embracing. No more Captive,

But Brother of the War: 'Tis much more pleasant,

And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy Love

Than when hard Gantlets clench'd out Warlike Hands,

And kept 'em from soft use.

Adr. My Conquerour.

Oed. My Friend! that other name keeps Enmity alive.

But longer to detain thee were a Crime;

To love, and to *Eurydice*, go free;

Such welcome as a ruin'd Town can give

Expect from me; the rest let her supply.

Adr. I go without a blush, though conquer'd twice;

By you and by my Princess:

Creon aside. Then I am Conquer'd thrice; by *Oedipus*,

And her, and ev'n by him, the Slave of both

Gods, I'm beholding to you, for making me your Image.

Wou'd I cou'd make you mine. [Ex. Creon]

*Enter the People with Branches in their hands, holding them
up, and kneeling: Two Priests before them.*

Oedipus. Alas, my People!

What means this speechless sorrow, down cast-eyes,

And lifted hands! If there be one among you

Whom grief has left a Tongue, speak for the rest.

Pr. O Father of thy Country!

To thee these knees are bent, these Eyes are lifted,

As to a visible Divinity.

A Prince on whom Heav'n safely might repose

C

The

The business of Mankind: for Providence
Might on thy bosom sleep secure,
And leave her task to thee.

But where's the Glory of thy former acts?
Ev'n that's destroy'd when none shall live to speak it.
Millions of Subjects shalt thou have; but none
A people of the dead; a crowded desert.
A Midnight silence at the noon of day.

Oed. O were our Gods as ready with their pity.

As I with mine, this presence shou'd be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my sad eyes
Not search in vain for friends, whose promis'd light
Flatter'd my toils of War.

1 *Pr.* Twice our deliverer.

Oed. Nor are now your vows

Address'd to one who sleeps:

When this unwelcome news first reach'd my ears,

Dymas was sent to *Delphos* to enquire

The Cause and Cure of this contagious Ill;

And is this day return'd; but since his message

Concerns the publick, I refus'd to hear it

But in this general Presence: let him speak.

Dymas. A dreadful answer from the hallow'd Urn,

And sacred *tripous* did the Priests give,

In these Mysterious words,

The Oracle. Shed in a cursed hour, by cursed hands,

Blood-Royal unreveng'd, has curs'd the Land.

When *Lajus* death is expiated well

Your Plague shall cease: the rest let *Lajus* tell.

Oed. Dreadful indeed! blood, and a Kings blood too:

And such a Kings, and by his Subjects shed!

(Else by this Curse on *Thebes*?) no wonder then

If Monsters, Wars, and Plagues revenge such Crimes!

If Heav'n be just, its whole Artillery,

All must be empty'd on us: Not one bolt

Shall erre from *Thebes*; but more he call'd for, more!

New moulded-thunder of a larger size;

Driv'n by whole Jove. What, touch anointed Power

Then Gods beware; Jove wou'd himself be near!

Could you but reach him to.

2 *Pr.* We mourn the sad remembrance.

Oed. Well you may:

Worse than a Plague infects you: y're devoted

To Mother Earth, and to the infernal Powers:

Hell has a right in you: I thank you Gods,
 That I'm no *Theban* born: how my blood cruddies!
 As if this curse touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer:
 Than all this presence! — Yes, 'tis a Kings blood,
 And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper bonds
 To expiate this blood: but where, from whom,
 Or how must I atone it? tell me, *Thebans*,
 How *Lajus* fell? for a confus'd report
 Pass'd through my ears, when first I took the Crown:
 But full of hurry, like a morning dream,
 It vanish'd in the business of the day.

1 *Pr.* He went in private forth; but thinly follow'd;
 And ne're return'd to *Thebes*.

Oed. Nor any from him? came there no attendant?
 None to bring news?

2 *Pr.* But one; and he so wounded,
 He scarce drew breath to speak some few faint words.
Oed. What were they? something may be learnt from thence.

1 *Pr.* He said a Band of Robbers watch'd their passage;
 Who took advantage of a narrow way
 To murder *Lajus* and the rest: himself
 Left too for dead.

Oed. Made you no more enquiry,
 But took this bare relation?

2 *Pr.* 'Twas neglected:
 For then the Monster *Sphinx* began to rage;
 And present cares soon buried the remote:
 So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.

Fed. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
 Just then, the *Sphinx* began to rage among you;
 The Gods took hold ev'n of this offending minute,
 And dated thence your woes: Thence will I trace 'em.

1 *Pr.* 'Tis just thou should'st.

Oed. Hear then this dread imprecation; hear it:
 'Tis lay'd on all; not any one exempt:
 Bear witness Heav'n, avenge it on the perjurd
 If any *Theban* born, if any stranger
 Reveal this murder, or produce its Author,
 Ten Antique Talents be his just reward:
 But if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire
 The murder be conceal, the Curse of *Thebes*
 Fall heavy on his head: Unite our Plagues
 Ye Gods, and place 'em there: from Fire and Water,
 Converse, and all things common, be he banish'd.

But for the murderer's self, unsound by man,
Find him ye Pow'r's Celestial and Infernal;
And the same Fate, or worse, than *Laius* met,
Let be his lot: His Children be accurst;
His Wife and Kindred, all of his be curst.

Both Pr. Confirm it, Heav'n!

Enter Jocasta; Attended by Women.

Joc. At your Devotions! Heav'n succeed your wishes,
And bring th' effect of these your pious Prayers
On you, and me, and all.

Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!

Oed. O fatal sound, Unfortunate *Jocasta*!
What hast thou said! an ill hour hast thou cholen.
For these fore-boding words! why, we were cursing!

Joc. Then may that Curse fall only where you laid it.

Oed. Speak no more!

For all thou say'st is ominous: we were cursing;
And that dire imprecation hast thou fasten'd
On *Thebes*, and thee and me, and all of us.

Joc. Are then my blessings turn'd into a Curse?

O Unkind Oedipus. My former Lord,
Thought me his blessing: be thou like my *Laius*.

Oed. What yet again! the third time hast thou curs'd me?

This imprecation was for *Laius* death,
And thou hast wish'd me like him.

Joc. Horror seizes me!

Oed. Why dost thou gaze upon me? prithee Love

Take off thy eye; it burdens me too much.

Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Laius*:
His speech, his garb, his Action; nay his frown;
(for I have seen it;) but ne're bent on me.

Oed. Are we so like?

Joc. In all things but his Love.

Oed. I love thee more: so well I love, words cannot speak how well;
No pious Son e're lov'd his Mother more
Than I my dear *Jocasta*.

Joc. I love you too

The self same way: and when you chid, methought
A Mothers love start up in your defence.
And bad me not be angry: be not you;
For I love *Laius* still as Wives should love.
But you more tenderly; as part of me:
And when I have you in my arms, methinks
I kiss my Child asleep.

Oed.

Oed. Then we are blest:

And all these Curses sweep along the Skyes,
Like empty Clouds; but drop not on our heads.

Joc. I have not joy'd an hour since you departed,
For publick Miseries, and for private fears;
But this blest meeting has o're-pay'd 'em all.
Good Fortune that comes seldom comes more welcome.
All I can wish for now, is your consent

To make my Brother happy.

Oed. How, *Jocasta*?

Joc. By marriage with his Niece, *Eurydice*.

Oed. Uncle and Niece! they are too near; my Love;
'Tis too like Incest: 'tis offence to kind:

Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adrastus*,

No choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,

They shou'd not marry; speak no more of it.

The thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bless

A Now so broken, which I made to *Creon*;
Remember he's my Brother.

Oed. That's the bar,

And the thy Daughter: Nature wou'd abhor

To be forc'd back again upon her self,

And like a whirl-pool swallow her own streams.

Joc. Be not displeas'd; I'll move the Suit no more.

Oed. No, do not; for, I know not why, it shakes me

When I but think on Incest; move we forward

To thank the Gods for my success, and pray

To wash the Guilt of Royal Blood away.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Gallery.

A Royal Bed-Chamber being Improv'd behind.

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Hemon, Alexander, Pyracmon.

Ham **S**URE 'tis the end of all things! Fate has torn
The lock of time off, and his head is now
The gasty Ball of round Eternity!

Call you these Peals of Thunder, but the yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? By Jove, they seem to me

Ham

Th

The World's last groans; and those vast flames of *Flame*
Are its last blaze! The Towers of the Gods
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen Globes;
The shooting Stars end all in purple Gelling;
And Chaos is at hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Thunder* sleeps,
But such as ne're must wake. All crowd about
The Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King; who, from the Battlement,
By the red Lightning's glare, descri'd a far,
Atones the angry Powers.

Ham. Ha! *Pyracmon*, look;
Behold, *Alexander*, from yon' West of Heav'n,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman:
A Scepter bright with Gems in each right hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazzling purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,
Just West: a bloody red stains all the place;
And see, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of Golden Stars hang o're their heads,
And seem so crowd'd, that they burst upon 'em:
All dart at once their baleful influence,
In leaking Fire.

Alc. Longbearded Comets stick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their left sides;
As they would shoot their Quills into their hearts;

Ham. But see! the King, and Queen, and all the Court!
Did ever Day or Night shew ought like this?

Thunders again. The Scene draws, and discovers the Prodiges.

Enter Oedipus, Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus, all coming

ACT II SCENE I

Oed. Answer, you Powr's Divine: spare all this noise,
This rack of Heav'n, and break your fatal picture;
Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monstrous Night,
Burst forth such Miriads of abortive Stars?

Ha! my *Jocasta*, look! the Silver Moon!

A settling Crimson stains her Beautiful Face?

She's all o're blood? and look! the Golden Sun!

What mean the myrtle Branches, the laurel on

A vast Eclipse darkens the labouring Planets?

Sound there, sound all our Instruments of War:

Clarens and Trumpets, Sirens, Drums, and Horns,

And

And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain; you see the Prodiges continue;
Let's gaze no more; the Gods are Humane.

Oed. Forbear, rash man.

Once more I ask your pleasure!

If that the glow-worm light of humane Reason

Might dare to offer at immortal knowledge

And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?

Why do the Rocks split, and why roils the Sea?

Why these Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?

Why yon' Gigantick Forms, Ethereal Monsters?

Alas! is all this but to fright the Dwarfs

Which your own hands have made, then be it so.

Or if the Fates resolve some Expiation

For murder'd *Laius*; Hear me, hear me, Gods!

Hear me thus prostrate: spare this groaning Land,

Save innocent *Thebes*, stop the Tyrant's Death!

Do this, and lo I stand up an Oblation

To meet your swiftest and severest anger,

Shoot all at once, and strike me to the Center.

The Cloud draws that veil'd the heads of the Figures in the Sky, and shows

them Crown'd, with the names of Oedipus and Jocasta written above in

great Characters of Gold.

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler senses

Are vanish'd with that Cloud that flees away;

Or, just above those two Majestick heads,

I see, I read distinctly in large Gold

Oedipus and Jocasta.

Adr. I read the same.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not man to wade

Too far in the vast deep of destiny.

The Thunder; and the Prodiges vanish.

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,

When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods

Had some new Monsters made! will you not turn,

And bless your People; who devour each word

You breathe.

Oed. It shall be so.

Yes, I will dye, O *Thebes*, to save thee!

Draw from my Heart my Blood, with more content

Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yet, O *Jocasta*!

By all the endearments of miraculous Love,

By all our languishings, our fears in pleasure,

Which oft have made us wonder; hear I swear

On thy fair hand, upon thy Breast, I swear

I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood

To blooming Youth, a Crime by me committed,
For which the awful Gods should doom my death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd Laius, frees the Land:
Were you, which is impossible, the man,
Perhaps my Ponyard first should drink your blood;
But you are Innocent, as your *Deeds*
From Crimes like those. This made me violent
To save your life, which you might have lost;
Nor can you comprehend, with deepell thought,
The horrid Agony you cast me in,
When you resolv'd to dye.

Oed. Is't possible?

Joc. Alas! why start you so? Her finishing grief
Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine: Methinks I should have made
My bosom bare against the armed God,
To save my Oedipus!

Oed. I pray, no more.

Joc. You've silent'd me, my Lord.

Oed. Pardon me, dear Jocasta,

Pardon a heart that sinks with Sufferings,
And can but vent it self in sobb and murther;
Yet to restore my peace, I'll find him out,
Yes, yes, you Gods! you must have ample vengeance
On Laius murderer: O, the Traitor's name!
I'll know't, I will: Art shall be Conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravel'd.

Joc. Sacred

Oed. Rage will have way, and tis but just; I'll fetch him,

Tho' I drag him in upon a Dragon's Wing.

Tho' Rocks should stop him: Nay he shall be drag'd

From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:

His Ghost shall be, by sage *Tiresias* pow'r,

(*Tiresias*, that rules all beneath the Moon)

Confin'd to flesh, to suffer Death once more;

And then be plung'd in his self fires again.

Joc. O

Oed. O

Joc. O

Oed. O

Joc. O

Oed. O

Joc. O

Oed. O

Joc. O

Oed. O

Joc. O

Oed. O

Joc. O

Oed. O

Joc. O

Oed. O

Of Plagues, of Madness, Murders, Prodiges,
Draws on: This Battel of the Heav'ns and Earth
Shall by his Wisdom be reduc'd to peace.

Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter Manto, follow'd by other Thebans.

O thou, whose most aspiring Mind
Know'st all the business of the Courts above,
Open'st the Closets of the Gods, and dares
To mix with Jove himself and Fate at Council;
O Prophet, answer me, declare aloud
The Traytor who conspir'd the death of *Lajus*.
Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
Have drawn this Plague that blasts unhappy *Thebes*.

Tir. We must no more than Fate commissions us
To tell; yet something, and of moment, I'll unfold,
If that the God would wake; I feel him now,
Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The rous'd God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself:
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burst,
My rivell'd skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd fire;
I shall be young again: *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy airs:
O charm this God, this Fury in my bosom,
Lull him with tuneful notes, and artful strings,
With pow'rful strains; *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly God-head to be mild.

SONG to Apollo.

Phoebus, God belov'd by men;
At thy dawn, every Beast is rous'd in his Den;
At thy setting, all the Birds of thy absence complain,
And we dye, all dye till the morning comes again,
Phoebus, God belov'd by men!
Idol of the Eastern Kings,
Angul as the God who sings

*His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings;
God of Songs, and Orphean strings,
Who to this mortal bosom brings,
All harmonious heavenly things!*

*Thy drouzie Prophet to revive,
Ten thousand thousand forms before him drive;
With Chariots and Horses all o'fire awake him,
Convulsions, and Furies, and Prophecies shake him,
Let him tell it in groans, tho' he bend with the Load,
Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible God.*

Tir. The wretch, who shed the blood of old *Labdacides*,
Lives, and is great;

But cruel greatness ne're was long:

The first of *Lajus* blood his life did setze,

And urg'd his Fate,

Which else had lasting been and strong.

The wretch, who *Lajus* kill'd, must bleed, or fly;

Or *Thebes*, consum'd with Plagues, in ruins lye.

Oed. The first of *Lajus* blood! pronounce the person;

May the God roar from thy Prophetick mouth,

That even the dead may start up, to behold:

Name him, I say, that most accursed wretch,

For by the Stars he dies:

Speak, I command thee;

By *Phabus*, speak! for sudden Death's his doom:

Here shall he fall, bleed on this very spot;

His name, I charge thee once more, speak.

Tir. 'Tis lost,

Like what we think can never shun remembrance;

Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the Clonds.

Oed. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where e're it be.

Cre. Let me intreat you, sacred Sir, be calm,

And *Creon* shall point out the great Offender.

'Tis true, respect of Nature might injoyne

My silence at another time; but oh,

Much more the pow'r of my eternal Love!

Thar, that should strike me dumb: yet *Thebes*, my Country——

I'll break through all, to succour thee, poor City!

O, I must speak.

Oed. Speak then, if ought thou know'st:

As much thou seem'st to know, delay no longer.

Cre. O Beauty! O illustrious Royal Maid?

To whom my Vows were ever paid till now.

And with such modest, chaste, and pure affection,

The coldest Nymph might read 'em without blushing;
 Art thou the Murdres's then of wretched *Laius*?
 And I, must I accuse thee! O my tears!
 Why will you fall in so abhorr'd a Cause?
 But that thy beauteous, barbarous, hand destroy'd
 Thy Father (O monstrous act!) both Gods
 And Men at once take notice.

Oed. Eurydice!

Eur. Traytor, go on; I scorn thy little malice,
 And knowing more my perfect innocence,
 Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee,
 Who art their opposite, and form'd a Lyar,
 I thus disdain thee! Thou once didst talk of Love;
 Because I hate thy love,
 Thou dost accuse me.

Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain,
 And Traytor, double damn'd, who durst blaspheme
 The spotless Virtue of the brightest beauty;
 Thou dy'st: nor shall the sacred Majesty, [*Draws and wounds him.*]
 That guards this place, preserve thee from my rage.

Oed. Disarm 'em both: Prince I shall make you know
 That I can tame you twice. Guards, seize him.

Adr. Sir,

I must acknowledge in another Cause
 Repentance might abash me; but I glory
 In this, and smile to see the Traytor's Blood.

Oed. Creon, you shall be satisfy'd at full.

Cre. My hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
 To wise *Tiresias*, if my accusation
 Be not most true. The first of *Laius* blood
 Gave him his death. Is there a Prince before her?
 Then she is faultless, and I ask her Pardon.
 And may this blood ne're cease to drop, O *Thebes*,
 If pity of thy sufferings did not move me
 To shew the Cure which Heaven it self prescrib'd.

Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will dye to save your lives,
 More willingly than you can wish my fate;
 But let this good, this wise, this holy Man
 Pronounce my Sentence: for to fall by him,
 By the vile breath of that prodigious Villain,
 Would sink my Soul, tho' I should dye a Martyr.

Adr. Unhand me, slaves. O mightiest of Kings,
 See, at your feet a Prince not us'd to kneel;
 Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
 As you would save your *Thebes*, but take my life:

For, should she perish, Heav'n would heap Plagues on Plagues,
Rain Sulphur down, hurle kindled bolts
Upon your guilty heads.

Cre. You turn to Gallantry, what is but justice.
Proof will be easie made. *Adrastus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhappy King
Of life; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a Prince his Son-in-law:
Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.

1 Theb. Both, let both dye.

All Theb. Both, both; let 'em dye.

Oed. Hence you wild herd! For your Ring-leader here,
He shall be made Example. *Hemon*, take him.

1 Theb. Mercy, O mercy.

Oed. Mutiny in my presence!

Hence, let me see that busie face no more.

Tir. *Thebans*, what madness make you drunk with rage?

Enough of guilty death's already acted:

Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice*,

With Prince *Adrastus*; which the God reproves

By inward Checks, and leaves their fates in doubt.

Oed. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,

Or suffer; for I feel a sleep like death

Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.

Tir. Since that the Pow'rs Divine refuse to clear

The mistic deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;

There I can force th' Infernal Gods to shew

Their horrid Forms;

Each trembling Ghost shall rise,

And leave their grizly King without a waiter:

For Prince *Adrastus* and *Eurydice*,

My life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane,

Till the dark Mysteries of Hell are done.

Follow me, *Princes*; *Thebans*, all to rest.

O, *Oedipus*, to morrow—but no more,

If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,

Indulge thy Brain this night with softer slumbers:

To morrow, O to morrow!—sleep, my Son;

And in prophetick dreams thy Fate be shewn.

[*Ex.* *Tires.* *Adrast.* *Euryd.* *Manto.* *Thebans.*

Manent *Oed.* *Joc.* *Creon.* *Byas.* *Hem.* *Alcan.*

Oed. To bed, my Fair, my Dear, my best *Jocasta*,
After the toils of War, 'tis wondrous strange

Our loves should thus be dash'd. One moments thought,
And I'll approach the arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Consume whole years in care, so now and then
I may have leave to feed my famish'd eyes
With one short passing glance, and sigh my Vows:
This, and no more, my Lord, is all the passion
Of Languishing *Jocasta*.

[Exit.

Oed. Thou softest, sweetest of the World! good night.
Nay, she is beautiful too; yet, mighty Love!
I never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
But an unusual chillness came upon me;
An unknown hand still check'd my forward joy,
Dash'd me with blushes, tho' no light was near:
That ev'n the act became a violation.

Pyr. He's strangely thoughtful.

Oed. Hark! who was that? Ha! *Creon*, didst thou call me?

Creon. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here.

Oed. That's strange! methought I heard a doleful voice
Cry'd *Oedipus*.——The Prophet bad me sleep;
He talk'd of Dreams and Visions, and to-morrow!
I'll muse no more on't, come what will or can,
My thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;
And with those thoughts I'll rest: *Creon*, good night. [Ex. with *Hæmon*.

Cre. Sleep seal your eyes, Sir, Eternal sleep.
But if he must sleep and wake again, O all
Tormenting Dreams, wild horrors of the night,
And Hags of Fancy wing him through the air:
From precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and death be set before him.

Alc. Your Curses have already ta'en effect;
For he looks very sad.

Cre. May he be rooted, where he stands, for ever;
His eye-balls never move, brows be unbent,
His blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the place I wish him, Hell.

Pyr. No more: you tear your self, but vex not him.
Methinks 'twere brave this night to force the Temple,
While blind *Tiresias* conjures up the Fiends,
And pass the time with niece *Eurydice*.

Alc. Try promises, and threats, and if all fail,
Since Hell's broke loose, why should not you be mad?
Ravish, and leave her dead, with her *Adressus*.

Cre. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly
For such another thought: Lust, and Revenge!
To stab at once the only Man I hate,

And

And to enjoy the Woman whom I love!
I ask no more of my auspicious Stars,
The rest as Fortune please; so but this night
She play me fair, why let her turn for ever.

Enter Hamon.

Ham. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to rest;
Yet, ere he slept, commanded me to clear
The Antichambers: none must dare be near him.

Creon. *Hamon*, you do your duty;——
And we obey.—The night grows yet more dreadful!
'Tis just that all retire to their devotions;
The Gods are angry: but to morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lye, will make all clear.

[*Thunder.*

[*As they go off,*

Oedipus Enters, walking asleep in his shirt, with a Dagger in his right hand, and a Taper in his left.

Oed. O, my *Jocasta*! 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all night on the cold ground;
For this he bears the storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms:
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever!——Ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholly light, that seems
The gloom of glowing embers?
The Curtain's drawn; and see she's here again!
Jocasta? Ha! what, fall'n asleep so soon?
How fares my Love? this Taper will inform me.
Ha! Lightning blast me, Thunder
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus* Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my Incestuous heart,
By all the Gods! my Mother *Merope*!
My Sword, a Dagger; Ha, who waits there? slaves,
My Sword: what, *Hamon*, dar'st thou, Villain, stop me!
With thy own Ponyard perish. Ha! who's this?
Or is't a change of Death? by all my Honours,
New murder; thou hast slain old *Polybus*:
Incest and Parricide, thy Father's murderer!
Out thou infernal flame: now all is dark,
All blind and dismal, most triumphant mischief!
And now while thus I talk about the room,
I challenge Fate to find another wretch
Like *Oedipus*!

[*Thunder, &c.*
Enter

Enter Jocasta attended with Lights, in a Night-Gown.

Oed. Night, Horror, Death, Confusion, Hell and Furies!
Where am I? O, *Jocasta*, let me hold thee,
Thus to my bosom, ages; let me grasp thee:
All that the hardest temper'd weather'd flesh,
With fiercest humane Spirit inspir'd can dare
Or do, I dare; but, oh you Pow'rs, this was
By infinite degrees too much for Man.
Methinks my deafn'd ears
Are burst; my eyes, as if they had been knock'd
By some tempestuous hand, shoot flashing fire:
That sleep should do this!

Joc. Then my fears were true.
Methought I heard your voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the winds
Fight with the waves; now in a still small tone
Your dying accents fell, as racking ships,
After the dreadful yell, sink murmuring down,
And bubble up a noise.

Oed. Trust me, thou Fairest, best of all thy Kind,
None e're in Dreams was tortur'd so before,
Yet what most shocks the niceness of my temper,
Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,
And my own death, is, that this horrid sleep
Dash'd my sick fancy with an act of lechery:
I dreamt, *Jocasta*, that thou wert my Mother;
Which, tho' impossible, so damps my Spirits,
That I cou'd do a mischief on my self,
Lest I should sleep and Dream the like again:

Joc. O, *Oedipus*, too well I understand you!
I know the wrath of Heav'n, the care of *Thebes*,
The cries of its Inhabitants, War's toils,
And thousand other labours of the State,
Are all referr'd to you, and ought to take you
For ever from *Jocasta*.

Oed. Life of my life, and treasure of my Soul,
Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. O, you think me vile,
And of an inclination so ignoble,
That I must hide me from your Eyes for ever.
Be witness, Gods, and strike *Jocasta* dead,
If an immodest thought, or low desire
Inflam'd my breast, since first our Loves were lighted:

Oed.

Oed. O rise, and add not, by thy cruel kindness,
A grief more sensible than all my torments.
Thou think'st my dreams are forg'd; but by thy self,
The greatest Oath, I swear, they are most true:
But be they what they will, I here dismiss 'em;
Be gone *Chimeras*, to your Mother Clouds,
Is there a fault in us? Have we not search'd
The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
Of Birds and Beasts, and tild the Prophet's Art?
Yet what avails? he, and the Gods together,
Seem like Physicians at a loss to help us:
Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
We'll snatch the strongest Cordial of our love;
To bed, my Fair.

Ghost within. Oedipus!

Oed. Ha! who calls?

Did'st thou not hear a Voice?

Joc. Alas! I did.

Ghost. Jocasta!

Joc. O my Love, my Lord, support me!

Oed. Call lowder, till you burst your airy Forms:
Rest on my hand. Thus arm'd with Innocence,
I'll face these babling Demons of the air.
In spite of Ghosts, I'll on,
Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms;
I'll break 'em, with *Jocasta* in my arms:
Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'll wait my doom;
And act my joys, tho' Thunder shake the room.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A dark Grove.

Enter Creon.

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than to be unhappy.

Dio. What mean you by these words?

Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon*.

A thinking soul is punishment enough;

But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,

Then every thought draws blood.

Dio. You are not wretched.

Cre. I am: My Soul's ill-married to my Body.

I wou'd be young, be handſom, be belov'd :
Cou'd I but breath my ſelf into *Adrastus*——

Dio. You rave ; call home your thoughts.

Cre. I prithee let my Soul take air a while ;
Were ſhe in *Œdipus*, I were a King ;
Then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battel ;
And had my Rival Priſ'ner ; brave, brave actions :
Why have not I done theſe ?

Dio. Your fortune hinder'd.

Cre. There's it : I have a ſoul to do 'em all :
But fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young handſome Fools : Body and brawn
Do all her work : *Hercules* was a fool,
And ſtraight grew famous : a mad boiſtrous fool,
Nay worſe, a Woman's fool.

Fool is the ſtuff, of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

Dio. A Serpent ne're becomes a flying Dragon,
Till he has eat a Serpent.

Cre. Goes it there !

I underſtand thee, I muſt kill *Adrastus*.

Dio. Or not enjoy your Miſtreſs :

Eurydice and he are Priſ'ners here,
But will not long be ſo : this tell-tale Ghoul
Perhaps will clear 'em both.

Cre. Well : 'tis reſolv'd.

Dio. The Princeſs walks this way ;
You muſt not meet her,
Till this be done.

Cre. I muſt.

Dio. She hates your ſight :
And more ſince you accus'd her.

Cre. Urge it not.

I cannot ſtay to tell thee my Deſign ;
For ſhe's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your thoughts employ'd ?

Eur. On death, and thee.

Cre. Then were they not well ſorted : life and me
Had been the better match.

Eur. No, I was thinking
On two the moſt deteſted things in Nature :
And they are death and thee.

E

Cre.

Cre. The thought of death to one near death is dreadful;
O 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.
Or if to be, to wander after death;
To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all day;
And when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
That lead to graves: and in the silent Vault,
Where Lyes your own Pale throw'd, to hover o're it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps;
And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghost
Into your lifeless lips:

Then, like a lone benighted Travellour
Shut out from lodging, shall your groans be answer'd
By whistling winds, whose every blast will shake
Your tender Form to Atoms.

Enr. Must I be this thin Being? and thus wander!
No quiet after Death!

Cre. None: you must leave
This beauteous body; all this youth and freshness
Must be no more the Object of desire,
But a cold lump of Clay;
Which then your discontented Ghost will leave,
And loath its former lodging.
This is the best of what comes after death,
Ev'n to the best.

Enr. What then shall be thy Lot?
Eternal torments, Baths of boiling Sulphar;
Vicissitudes of Fires, and then of Frosts;
And an old Guardian Friend, ugly as thou art,
To hallow in thy Ears at every lath;
This for *Eurydice*; these for her *Adrastus*.

Cre. For her *Adrastus*!

Enr. Yes; for her *Adrastus*:
For death shall ne're divide us: death, what's Death!

Dio. You seem'd to fear it.

Enr. But I more fear *Cecion*:
To take that hunch-back'd Monster in my arms,
Th' excrescence of a Man.

Dio. to *Cre.* See what you've gain'd.

Enr. Death only can be dreadful to the bad:
To innocence, 'tis like a bug-bear dress'd
To fright'n Children; pull but off his Masque
And he'll appear a Friend.

Cre. You talk too slightly
Of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.

Enr. You best can tell the news of your own Country.

Dio.

Dio. Nay, now you are too sharp.

Eur. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
Of murder and of parricide?

Crs. You provok'd me:
And yet I only did thus far accuse you,
As next of blood to *Laius*: be advis'd,
And you may live.

Eur. The means?

Crs. 'Tis offer'd you.
The Fool *Adrastus* has accus'd himself.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the guilt from me.

Crs. He says he loves you; if he does, 'tis well:
He ne're cou'd prove it in a better time.

Eur. Then death must be his recompence for love!

Crs. 'Tis a Fools just reward:
The wife can make a better use of life:
But 'tis the young man's pleasure; his ambition:
I grudge him not that favour.

Eur. When he's dead,
Where shall I find his equal?

Crs. Every where.
Fine empty things, like him,
The Court swarms with 'em.
Fine fighting things; in camps they are so common;
Crows feed on nothing else: plenty of Fools;
A glut of 'em in *Thebes*.

And fortune still takes care they shou'd be seen:
She places 'em aloft, o'th' topmost Spoke
Of all her Wheel: Fools are the daily work
Of Nature; her vocation: if she form
A man, she loses by't, 'tis too expensive;
'Twould make ten Fools; A man's a Prodigy.

Eur. That is a *Creon*: O thou black detractor,
Who spitt'st thy venom against Gods and Man!
Thou enemy of eyes:
Thou who lov'st nothing but what nothing loves;
And that's thy self: who hast conspir'd against
My life and fame, to make me loath'd by all;
And only fit for thee.

But for *Adrastus* death, good Gods, his death!
What Curse shall I invent?

Dio. No more; he's here.

Eur. He shall be ever here.

He who wou'd give his life; give up his fame.

Enter

Enter

Enter Adrastus.

If all the Excellence of Woman-kind
Were mine; ——— No, 'tis too little all for him:
Were I made up of endless, endless joyes——

Adr. And so thou art:

The man who loves like me,
Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worst of Ills;
Were cheaply purchast, were thy love the price:
Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left, but Honour;
'Tis the last thing a Prince shou'd throw away,
But when the storm grows loud, and threatens love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel;
And last it must be kept.

Cre. to Dio. Work him be sure
To rage, he's passionate;
Make him th' Aggressor.

Dio. O false love; false honour.

Cre. Dissembled both, and false!

Adr. Dar'st thou say this to me?

Cre. To you; why what are you, that I should fear you?
I am not *Lajus*: Hear me, Prince of *Argos*,
You give what's nothing, when you give your honour;
'Tis gone; 'tis lost in battel. For your love,
Vows made in wine are not so false as that:
You kill'd her Father; you confess'd you did:
A mighty Argument to prove your passion to the Daughter.

Adrast. aside. Gods, must I bear this brand, and not retors
The lye to his foul throat!

Dio. Basely, you kill'd him.

Adr. aside. O, I burn inward: my blood's all o'fire.
Alcides, when the poison'd shirt sat closest,
Had but an Ague fit to this my Fever.
Yet, for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll suffer,
To free my love——Well then, I kill'd him basely.

Cre. Fairly, I'm sure you cou'd not.

Dio. Nor alone.

Cre. You had your fellow-Thieves about you, Prince;
They Conquer'd, and you kill'd.

Adr. aside. Down swelling heart!

'Tis for thy Princess all.——O my *Eurydice*——

Euryd. to him. Reproach not thus the weakness of my Sex,
As if I cou'd not bear a shameful death,
Rather than see you burden'd with a Crime.

Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o're Nature:
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer?

Eur. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him say so.

Dio. See he stands mute.

Cre. O pow'r of Conscience, even in wicked men!
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One syllable, one, no to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid act
That e're cou'd stain a Villain, not a Prince.

Adr. Ha! Villain.

Dio. Eccho to him Groves: cry Villain.

Adr. Let me consider! did I Murther *Lajus*,
Thus like a Villain?

Cre. Best revoke your words;
And say you kill'd him not.

Adr. Not like a Villain; prithee change me that
For any other Lye.

Dio. No, Villain, Villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not! proclaim your innocence,
Accuse the Princess: So I knew 'twould be.

Adr. I thank thee, thou instruct'st me:
No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. *Aside.* Could again:

Eur. Thou who usurp'st the sacred name of Conscience,
Did not thy own declare him innocent;
To me declare him so? The King shall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forswear it.

Eur. What's now thy Conscience?

Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my supple Glove;
My upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think best: 'Tis my obedient Conscience.

Adr. Infamous wretch!

Cre. My Conscience shall not do me the ill office
To save a Rival's life; when thou art dead,
(As dead thou shalt be, or be yet more base
Than thou think'st me,

By forfeiting her life, to save thy own.—)
Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
She shall be mine: (She is, if Vows were binding;)
Mark me, the fruit of all thy faith and passion,
Ev'n of thy foolish death, shall all be mine.

Adr. Thine, say'st thou, Monster;

Shall

Shall my Love be thine?

O, I can bear no more!

Thy cunning Engines, have with labour rais'd
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and push thee dead.

See here thy Nuptials; see, thou rash *Ixion*,

[*Draws.*

Thy promis'd *Juno* Vanish'd in a Cloud;

And in her room avenging Thunder roars

To blast thee thus. — Come both —

Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd!

[*Both draw.*

Now see whose Arm can launch the surer bolt,

And who's the better *Jove*. —

Enr. Help; Murther, help!

[*Fight.*

*Enter Hæmon and Guards, run betwixt them, and beat down
their Swords.*

Hæm. Hold; hold your impious hands; I think the Furies,
To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you:

Now, by my soul, the holiest earth of *Thebes*

You have prophan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant

Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice,

All full of humane Souls; that cleave their barks

To dance at Midnight by the Moon's pale beams:

At least two hundred years these reverend Shades

Have known no blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,

Shed by the Priests own hand to *Proserpine*.

Adr. Forgive a Stranger's ignorance: I knew not
The honours of the place.

Hæm. Thou, *Creon*, didst.

Not *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,

Durst violate the Religion of these Groves,

To touch one single hair: but must, unarm'd,

Parle, as in Truce, or furlily avoid

What most he long'd to kill.

Cre. I drew not first;

But in my own defence.

Adr. I was provok'd,

Beyond man's patience: all reproach cou'd urge

Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.

Hæm. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I, must judge this Act:

Lord *Creon*, you and *Diocles* retire:

Tyresias, and the Brother-hood of Priests,

Approach the place: None at these Rites assist,

But you th' accus'd, who by the mouth of *Laius*,

Must

Must be absolv'd or doom'd.

Adr. I bear my fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my trial.

Hem. 'Tis at hand.

Eor see the Prophet comes with Vervain crown'd,
The Priests with Yeugh, a venerable band;
We leave you to the Gods.

[*Ex. Hamon with Creon and Diocles.*]

Enter Tiresias, led by Manto: The Priests follow; all clothed in long black Habits.

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers?

I'll-fated Pair! whom seeing not, I know:

This day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were joyn'd:

When lo, an envious Planet interpos'd,

And threaten'd both with death: I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no God so much a friend to love,

Who can controule the malice of our fate?

Are they all deaf? or have the Gyants Heav'n?

Tir. The Gods are just——

But how can Finite measure Infinite?

Reason! alas, it does not know it self!

Yet man, vain man, wou'd with this short-lin'd Plummet,

Fathom the vast Abyſſe of Heav'nly Justice.

What ever is, is in its Causes just;

Since all things are by Fate. But pur-blind man

Sees but a part o'th' Chain; the nearest links;

His eyes not carrying to that equal Beam

That poizes all above.

Eur. Then we must dye!

Tir. The danger's eminent this day.

Adr. Why then there's one day less for humane ills:

And who wou'd moan himself, for suffering that,

Which in a day must pass? something, or nothing——

I shall be what I was again, before

I was *Adrastus*;

Penurious Heav'n canst thou not add a night

To our one day; give me a night with her,

And I'll give all the rest.

Tir. She broke her Vow

First made to *Creon*. But the time calls on:

And *Laius* death must now be made more plain.

How loth I am to have recourse to Rites

So full of horror, that I once rejoice

I want the use of Sight——

1 Pr. The Ceremonies stay.

Tir. Choose the darkeſt part o'th' Grove;

Such as Ghoſts at noon-day love.

Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh

Where the bones of *Laius* lye.

Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,

Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.

Answer me if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?

Draw her backward to the pit:

Draw the barren Heyſer back;

Barren let her be and black.

Cut the curled hair that grows

Full betwixt her horns and brows:

And turn your faces from the Sun:

Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood like wine,

To Mother Earth and *Proſerpine*;

Mingle Milk into the ſteam;

Feaſt the Ghoſts that love the ſteam;

Snatch a brand from Funeral pile;

Toiſe it in to make 'em boil;

And turn your faces from the Sun;

Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[*Peal of Thunder; and ſlaſhes of Lightning;*
then groaning below the Stage.]

Manto. O what Laments are thoſe?

Tir. The groans of Ghoſts, that cleave the Earth with pain:

And heave it up: they pant and ſtick half way.

[*The Stage wholly darken'd.*]

Manto. And now a ſudden darkneſs covers all,
True genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heaven.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd: Infernal Gods,
Muſt you have Muſick too? then tune your voices,
And let 'em have ſuch ſounds as Hell ne're heard
Since *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades.

Muſick firſt. Then Sing.

1. Hear, ye ſullen Pow'rs below;

Hear, ye taſkers of the dead.

[*This to be ſet
through.*]

2. You

2. You that boiling Cauldrons blow,

Ton that scum the molten Lead;

3. Ton that pinch with Red-hot Tongues;

1. Ton that drive the trembling hosts

Of poor, poor Ghosts,

With your Sharpen'd Prongs;

2. Ton that thrust 'em off the Brim.

3. Ton that plunge 'em when they Swim:

1. Till they drown;

Till they go

On a row

Down, down, down,

Ten thousand thousand, thousand fadoms low.

Chorus. Till they drown, &c.

1. Musick for a while

Shall your cares beguile:

Wondering how your pains were eas'd.

2. And disdaining to be pleas'd;

3. Till Alecto free the dead

From their eternal bands;

Till the Snakes drop from her head.

And whip from out her hands.

1. Come away

Do not stay,

But obey

While we play,

For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have holy-day.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

[A flash of Lightning: the Stage is made bright;
and the Ghosts are seen passing betwixt the Trees.

1. Lajus! 2 Lajus! 3 Lajus!

1. Hear! 2 Hear! 3 Hear!

Tir. Hear and appear:

By the Fates that spun thy thread;

Cho. Which are three,

Tir. By the Furies fierce, and dread!

Cho. Which are three,

Tir. By the Judge of the dead!

Cho. Which are three,

Three times three!

Tir. By Hell's blew flame:

By the Stigian Lake:

And by Demogorgon's name

At which Ghosts quake,

Hear and appear.

[The Ghost of Laius rises arm'd in his Chariot, as he was slain. And behind his Chariot sit the three who were Murder'd with him.

Ghost of Laius. Why halt thou drawn me from my pains below,
To suffer worse above: to see the day,
And *Thebes* more hated? Hell is Heaven to *Thebes*.
For pity send me back, where I may hide,
In willing night, this ignominious head:
In Hell I shun the publick scorn; and then
They hunt me for their sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd side,
And chatter at my wounds.

Tir. I pity thee:

Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy death accurst,
And I'll unbind the Charm.

Ghost. O spare my shame.

Tir. Are these two innocent?

Ghost. Of my death they are.

But he who holds my Crown, Oh, must I speak!
Was doom'd to do what Nature most abhors.

The Gods foresaw it; and forbad his being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their Laws,

And cloath'd with flesh his pre-existing Soul,

Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for destiny,

Took pity, and indy'd his new-form'd Mass

With Temperance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,

And every Kingly vertue; but in vain.

For Fate, that sent him hood-winkt to the World,

Perform'd its work by his mistaking hands.

Asks thou who murder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus*.

Who stains my Bed with Incest? *Oedipus*:

For whom then are you curst, but *Oedipus*!

He comes; the Parricide: I cannot bear him:

My wounds ake at him: Oh his Murd'rous breath

Venoms my aiery substance! hence with him,

Banish him; sweep him out; the Plague he bears

Will blast your fields, and mark his way with ruine.

From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driven;

Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heaven.

[*Ghost descends.*

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Hamon, &c.

Oed. What's this! methought some pestilential blast
Strook me just entring; and some unseen hand
Struggled to push me backward? tell me why
My hair stands bristling up, why my flesh trembles!

[*Yon*

You stare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And some lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.

Tir. What Omen saw'st thou entring?

Oed. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his back;
Till weary with the weight, he shook him off,
And peck'd out both his Eyes.

Adr. Oh, *Oedipus*!

Eur. Oh! wretched *Oedipus*!

Tir. O! Fatal King!

Oed. What mean this Exclamations on my Name?
I thank the Gods, no secret thoughts reproach me:
No: I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And shake my Soul quite empty in your sight,
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
These fix'd regards, and silent threats of eyes:
A generous fierceness dwells with innocence;
And conscious vertue is allow'd some pride.

Tir. Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Oed. What mutters he! tell me, *Eurydice*:
Thou shak'st: thy Soul's a Woman. Speak, *Adrastus*;
And boldly, as thou met'st my Arms in fight;
Dar'st thou not speak, why then 'tis bad indeed:
Tiresias, thee I summon by thy Priest-hood,
Tell me what news from Hell; where *Laius* points,
And who's the guilty head?

Tir. Let me not answer.

Oed. Be dumb then, and betray thy Native soil
To farther Plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Oed. Dar'st thou converse with Hell, and canst thou fear
An humane name?

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known
Wou'd make thee more unhappy: 'twill be found
Thou art silent.

Oed. Old and obstinate! Then thou thy self
Art Author or Accomplice of this Murther,
And thun'st the Justice, which by publick ban
Thou hast incurr'd.

Tir. O, if the guilt were mine
It were not half so great: know, wretched man,
Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own Curse
Falls heavy on thy self.

Oed. Speak this again:
But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest:

Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me Heav'n,

For blushing thou hast seen it: hear me Earth;

Whose hollow womb cou'd not contain this murder;

But sent it back to light: and thou Hell; hear me,

Whose own black Seal has firm'd this horrid truth,

Oedipus murder'd *Lajus*.

Oed. Rot the tongue,

And blasted be the mouth that spoke that Lye.

Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul.

Tir. Thy Parents thought not so.

Oed. Who were my Parents?

Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.

Oed. Why seek I truth from thee?

The smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots' tears,

The Tradesmens oaths, and mourning of an Heir,

Are Truths to what Priests will tell.

O why has Priest-hood privilege to lye,

And yet to be believ'd! — thy age protects thee: —

Tir. Thou canst not kill me, 'tis not in thy Fate;

As 'twas to kill thy Father; wed thy Mother;

And beget Sons, thy Brothers.

Oed. Riddles, Riddles!

Tir. Thou art thyself a Riddle: a perplex

Obscure *Enigma*, which when thou paty'st,

Thou shalt be found and lost.

Oed. Impossible!

Adrastus, speak, and as thou art a King,

Whose Royal word is sacred, clear my Fame.

Adr. Would I could!

Oed. Ha, wilt thou not: can that Plebeian Vice

Of lying mount to Kings! can they be tainted!

Then Truth is lost on Earth.

Cre. The Cheat's too gross:

Adrastus is his Oracle, and he,

The pious Jugler, but *Adrastus* Organ.

Oed. 'Tis plain, the Priest's suborn'd to free the Prisoner.

Cre. And turn the guilt on you.

Oed. O, honest *Creon*, how hast thou been belied!

Eur. Hear me.

Cre. She's brib'd to save her Lover's life.

Adr. If *Oedipus* thou think'st —

Cre. Hear him not speak.

Adr. Then hear this holy man —

OEDIPUS.

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Cre. Priests, Priests, all brib'd, all Priests.

Oed. Adrastus I have found thee.

The malice of a vanquish'd man has seiz'd thee.

Adr. If Envy and not Truth ———

Oed. I'll bear no more: away with him.

[Hemon takes him off by force: Creon and Eurydice follow.]

To Tir. Why stand'st thou here, Impostor!

So old, and yet so wicked. ——— *I live for gain;*

And gain so short as age can promise thee!

Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live

Exceeds thy pointed hour; Remember *Lajus*:

No more; if e're we meet again, 'twill be

In mutual darkness; we shall feel before us

To reach each others hand; Remember *Lajus*.

[*Ex. Tiresias: Priests follow.*]

Oedipus Solus.

Remember *Lajus*! that's the burthen still:

Murder, and Incest! but to hear 'em nam'd

My Soul starts in me: the good Sentinel

Stands to her Weapons, takes the first Alarm

To guard me from such Crimes. ——— Did I kill *Lajus*?

Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful dream;

My Soul then stole my Body out by night;

And brought me back to Bed ere Morning wake.

It cannot be ev'n this remotest way;

But some dark hint would juggle forward now;

And goad my memory. ——— Oh my *Jocasta*!

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Why are you thus disturb'd?

Oed. Why, would'st thou think it?

No less than Murder?

Joc. Murder! what of Murder?

Oed. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,

And Incest; bear not these a frightful sound!

Joc. Alas!

Oed. How poor a pity is Alas,

For two such Crimes! ——— was *Lajus* us'd to lye?

Joc. Oh no: the most sincere, plain, honest man,

One who abhorr'd a lye?

Oed. Then he has got that Quality in Hell:

He charges me ——— but why accuse I him?

I did not hear him speak: It is they accuse me;
The Priest, *Adrastus*, and *Eurydice*,
Of Murdering *Lajus*— Tell me, while I think on't,
Has old *Tiresias* practis'd long this Trade?

Joc. What Trade?

Oed. Why this foretelling Trade.

Joc. For many years.

Oed. Has he before this day accus'd me?

Joc. Never.

Oed. Have you e're this inquir'd, who did this Murder?

Joc. Often; but still in vain.

Oed. I am satisfy'd.

Then 'tis an infant lye; but one day old.

The Oracle takes place before the Priest;

The blood of *Lajus* was to Murder *Lajus*;

I'm not of *Lajus*'s blood.

Joc. Ev'n Oracles

Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:

Lajus had one, which never was fulfill'd;

Nor ever can be now!

Oed. And what foretold it?

Joc. That he shou'd have a Son by men fore-doom'd

The Murderer of his Father: true indeed;

A Son was born; but, to prevent that Crime,

The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,

Boar'd through his untry'd feet; and bound with cords,

On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd;

The King himself liv'd many, many years,

And found a different Fate, by Robbers Murder'd;

Where three ways meet: yet these are Oracles;

And this the Faith we owe 'em.

Oed. Say'st thou, Woman?

By Heav'n thou hast awak'n'd somewhat in me;

That shakes my very Soul!

Joc. What, new disturbance!

Oed. Methought thou said'st,——(or do I dream thou said'st it!)

This Murder was on *Lajus* person done,

Where three ways meet!

Joc. So common fame reports.

Oed. Wou'd it had ly'd.

Joc. Why, good my Lord?

Oed. No questions;

*Tis busie time with me; dispatch mine first!

Say where, where was it done?

Joc. Mean you the Murder?

Oed.

Oed. Could'st thou not answer without naming Murder?

Joc. They say in *Phocidæ*; on the *Verge* that parts it
From *Dania*, and from *Delphos*.

Oed. So! — How long! when happen'd this?

Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.

Oed. What will the Gods do with me!

Joc. What means that thought?

Oed. Something; but 'tis not yet your turn to ask:
How old was *Laius*, what his shape, his stature,
His action, and his mien? quick, quick, your answer —

Joc. Big made he was; and tall: his pore was fierce;
Erect his countenance: Manly Majesty
Sate in his front; and darted from his eyes,
Commanding all he viewed: his hair just grizled,
As in a green old age: bate but his years,
You are his Picture.

Oed. *aside.* Pray Heav'n he drew me not? am I his Picture?

Joc. So I have often told you.

Oed. True, you have; —
Add that to the rest: how was the King
Attended when he travell'd?

Joc. By four Servants:

He went out privately.

Oed. Well counted still:
One scap'd I hear; what since became of him?

Joc. When he beheld you first, as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling, beg'd I wou'd dismiss him;
He had my leave; and now he lives retir'd.

Oed. This Man must be produc'd; he must.

Joc. He shall — yet have I leave to ask you why?

Oed. Yes, you shall know: for where should I repose
The Anguish of my Soul, but in your breast?
I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my birth; and
My Parents *Polybus* and *Alerope*,

Two Royal Names: their only Child am I.

It happen'd once; 'twas at a Bridal Feast,
One warm with Wine, told me I was a Foundling,
Not the King's Son; lifting with this reproach,
Strook him: my Father heard of it: the Man
Was made ask pardon; and the business hush'd.

Joc. 'Twas somewhat odd.

Oed. And strangely it perplext me.
I stole away to *Delphos*, and implor'd
The God, to tell my certain Parentage.
He bade me seek no farther: 'twas my Fate

To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,
By marrying her who bore me;

Joc. Vain, vain Oracles!

Oed. But yet they frighten me;

I look on *Corinth* as a place accurs'd,
Resolv'd my Destiny should wait in vain;
And never catch me there.

Joc. Too nice a fear,

Oed. Suspend your thoughts; and flatter not too soon.

Just in the place you nam'd, where three ways meet,

And near that time, five persons I encounter'd;

One was too like, (Heav'n grant it prove not him)

Whom you describe for *Lajus*: insolent

And fierce they were, as Men who liv'd on spoil.

I judg'd 'em Robbers, and by force repell'd

The force they us'd: In short, four men I slew:

The fifth upon his knees demanding Life,

My mercy gave it——bring me comfort now,

If I slew *Lajus*, what can be more wretched!

From *Thebes* and you my Curse has banish'd me:

From *Corinth* Fate.

Joc. Perplex not thus your mind;

My husband fell by Multitudes oppress,

So *Phorbas* said: this Band you chanc'd to meet;

And murder'd not my *Lajus*, but reveng'd him.

Oed. There's all my hope: Let *Phorbas* tell me this,

And I shall live again!

To you, good Gods, I make my last appeal;

Or clear my Virtues or my Crime reveals

If wandering in the maze of Fate I run,

And backward tread the paths I sought to shun,

Impute my Errours to your own Decree;

My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

[*Ex. Ambo.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pyrramon, Creon.

Py. **S**O ME business of import that Triumph wears
You seem to go with; nor is it hard to guess
When you are pleas'd, by a malicious joy:

Whose

Whose Red and Fiery Beams cast through your Visage
A glowing pleasure. Sure you smile revenge,
And I cou'd gladly hear.

Cre. Would't thou believe, *Odipus*, whom old *Tiresias*
This giddy hair-brain'd King, whom old *Tiresias*
Has Thunder-strook, with heavy accusation,
Tho' conscious of no inward guilt, yet fears;
He fears *Jocasta*, fears himself, his shadow;
He fears the multitude; and, which is worth
An Age of laughter, out of all Mankind,
He chuses me to be his Orator; who, when he
Swears that *Adrastus*, and the lean-look'd Prophet,
Are joint-conspirators; and wisht me to
Appaise the raving *Thebans*; which I swore
To do.

Py. A dangerous undertaking;
Directly opposite to your own interest.

Cre. No, dull *Pyrramus*; when I left his presents,
With all the Wings with which revenge could stop
My flight, I gain'd the mid'st o'th' City;
There, standing on a Pile of dead and dying,
I to the mad and sickly multitude,
With interrupting sobs, cry'd out, O *Thebes*,
O wretched *Thebes*, thy King, thy *Oedipus*,
This barbarous stranger, this Usurper, Monster,
Is by the Oracle, the wise *Tiresias*,
Proclaim'd the murderer of the Royal *Laius*;
Jocasta too, no longer now my Sister,

Is found complotter in the horrid deed.
Here I renounce all tye of Blood and Nature,
For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes*;
And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thousand antick mouths
Gabbled Revenge, Revenge was all the cry.

Py. This cannot fail; I see you on the Throne;
And *Oedipus* cast out.

Cre. That straight came on
Alexander, with a wild and bellowing Croud,
Whom when he had wrought; I whisper'd him to join,
And head the Forces while the host was in tem:
So to the Palace I return'd, to meet
The King, and greet him with another story.
But see, he Enters.

G

Enter

Enter Oedipus, Jocasta, attended

Oed. Said you that *Phorbas* is return'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concerning what we have discover'd?

Joc. He started when I told him your intent,
Replying, what he knew of that affair

Would give no satisfaction to the King;

Then, falling on his knees, begged, as for life,

To be dismiss'd from Court: He trembled too,

As if Convulsive death had seiz'd upon him,

And stammer'd in his abrupt speech to wildness;

That, had he been the murderer of *Laius*,

Guilt and distraction could not have shook him more.

Oed. By your description, sure as *Plagues* and death

Lay waste our *Thebes*, some deed thus hath the light

Begot those fears: I know respect to my peace,

Secure him, dear *Jocasta*, for my *Centaur*

Shrinks at his name.

Joc. Rather let him go; guilt has too deep a seat

So my poor boding heart would have it be,

Without a reason.

Oed. Hark, the *Thebans* come!

Therefore retire: and, once more, if thou lov'st me,

Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.

Joc. You shall, while I

Have life, be still obey'd:

In vain you sooth me with your soft intreatments,

And set the fairest countenance to view,

Your gloomy eyes, my *Lamb*, betray a deathless

And inward languishing: that Oracle

Eats like a subtle Worm its venom'd way,

Preys on your heart, and robs the noble *Care*,

How-e're the beauteous out-side shows so lovely.

Oed. O, thou wilt kill me with thy Love's excess

All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come!

Gloft. Oedipus!

Oed. Ha! again that scream of woe!

Thrice have I heard, thrice since the morning dawn'd

It hollow'd loud, as if my *Guardian Spirit*

Call'd from some vaulted Mansion *Outward*

Or is it but the work of melancholly?

When the Sun sets, shadows, that shew'd at Noon

But small, appear most long and terrible;

So when we think Fate hovers o'er our heads,
 Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
 Owls, Ravens, Crickets fear the watch of death,
 Nature's worst Vermin scare her God-like Son.
 Echoes, the very leavings of a Voice,
 Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves:
 Each Mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,
 While we fantastick dreamers heave and puff,
 And sweat with an Imagination's weight;
 As if, like *Atlas*, with these mortal Shoulders,
 We could sustain the burden of the World. [Creon comes forward.]

Cre. O, Sacred Sir, My Royal Lord—

Oed. What now?

Thou seem'st affrighted at some dreadful Action,
 Thy breath comes short, thy darted eyes are fixt
 On me for aid, as if thou wert pursu'd:
 I sent thee to the *Thebans*, I speak thy wonder;
 Fear not, this Palace is a Sanctuary,
 The King himself's thy Guard.

Cre. For me, alas,

My life's not worth a thought, when weigh'd with yours!
 But fly, my Lord, fly, as your life is sacred,
 Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
 Who therefore, on his knees, thus prostrate begs
 You would remove from *Thebes* that vows your ruine.

When I but offer'd at your innocence,
 They gather'd Stones, and menac'd me with death,
 And drove me through the Streets with imprecations
 Against your Sacred Person, and those Traytors
 Which justify'd your Guilt: which curs'd *Thresias*
 Told, as from Heav'n, was cause of their destruction.

Oed. Rise, worthy *Creon*, haste and take our Guard,
 Rank 'em in equal part upon the Square,
 Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
 And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes,
 I hear 'em roar: begone and break down all
 The dams that would oppose their furious passage.

[*Ex. Creon, with Guards.*]

Enter Adrastus, his Sword drawn.

Adr. Your City
 Is all in Arms, all bent to your destruction!
 I heard but now, where I was store coust,
 A Thundring shout, which made my Jeylors run.

Cry, Fire the Palace; where's the Cruel King?
 Yet, by th' Infernal Gods, those awful Pow'rs
 That have accus'd you, which these Ears have heard,
 And these Eyes see, I must believe you guiltless;
 For, since I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
 I have observ'd in all his acts such truth
 And God-like clearness; that to the last gush
 Of Blood and Spirits, I'll defend his life,
 And here have Sworn to perish by his side.

Oed. Be witness, Gods, how near this touches me, [*Embracing him*]
 O what recompence can glory make?

Adr. Defend your innocence, speak like your self,
 And awe the Rebels with your dauntless virtue.
 But hark! the storm comes nearer.

Oed. Let it come.
 The force of Majesty is never known
 But in a general wrack: Then, then is seen
 The difference 'twixt a Threshold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Firefias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
 There stands your Plague, the ruin, desolation
 Of this unhappy——speak; shall I kill him?
 Or shall he be cast out to Banishment?

All Theb. To Banishment, away with him.

Oed. Hence, you Barbarians, to your slavish distance;
 Fix to the Earth your sordid looks; for he
 Who stirs, dares more than mad-men, Fiends, or Furies;
 Who dares to face me, by the Gods, as well
 May brave the Majesty of thundring Jove,
 Did I for this relieve you when besieg'd
 By this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Walls,
 And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
 When lean-jaw'd Famine made more havock of you
 Than does the Plague? But I rejoyce I know you,
 Know the base stuff that temper'd your vile Souls:
 The Gods be prais'd, I needed not your Empire,
 Born to a greater, nobler of my own;
 Nor shall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
 To rule such Brutes, so barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I see a sad repentance,
 A general consternation spread among 'em.

Oed. My Reign is at an end; yet ere I finish——
 Ple do a Justice that becomes a Monarch,
 A Monarch, who 'th' midst of Swords and Javeling,
 Dares

Dares act as on his Throne encompass round
With Nations for his Guard. *Alexander*, you
Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your head :
Here, *Hamon*, take him : but for this, and this,
Let cords dispatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

[Seizes him.

Tir. O sacred Prince, pardon distracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if she acts by Heav'n's award ;
If that th' Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May speak, O do not too severely deal,
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at least complain :
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known ;
If innocent, then let *Tirostas* dye.

Oed. I take thee at thy word. Run, haste, and save *Alexander* :
I swear the Prophet, or the King shall dye.
Be witness, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath.
And *Phorbas* be the Umpire.

Tir. I submit.

[Trumpets sound.

Oed. What mean those Trumpets ?

Ham. From your Native Country.

Enter Hamon with Alexander, &c.

Great Sir, the fam'd *Ageon* is arriv'd,
That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father :
He comes as an Ambassadour from *Corinb*,
And sues for Audience.

Oed. Haste, *Hamon*, flye, and tell him that I burn
T' embrace him.

Ham. The Queen, my Lord, at present holds him
In private Conference ; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Eurydice, &c.

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happiest of Kings :
Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
Sleep without fears the blackest nights away ;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou shalt sleep
Secure, thy slumbers shall be soft and gentle
As Infants dreams.

Oed. What does the Soul of all my joys intend ?
And whither would this rapture ?

Joc. O, I could rave,
Pull down those lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,

From

From whence refounded those false Oracles,
That robb'd my Love of rest: if we must pray,
Rear in the streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a gray-beard forging Priest come near,
To pry into the bowels of the Victim,
And with his dotage mad the gaping World.
But see, the Oracle that I will trust,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men

Enter Egeon, kneeling.

Oed. O, to my arms, welcome, my dear *Egeon*;
Ten thousand welcomes. O, my Father, Father,
Welcome as mercy to a Man condemn'd!
Welcome to me,
As to a sinking Marriner,
The lucky Plank that bears him to the shore!
But speak, O tell me what so mighty joy
Is this thou bring'st, which so transports *Jocasta*?

Joc. Peace, peace, *Egeon*; let *Jocasta* tell him!
O that I could for ever Charm, as now,
My dearest *Oedipus*: Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinth*, is no more.

Oed. Ha! can it be? *Egeon*, answer me,
And speak in short, what my *Jocasta*'s transport
May over-do.

Ege. Since in few words, my Royal Lord, you ask
To know the truth; King *Polybus* is dead.

Oed. O all you Powers, is't possible? what dead!
But that the Tempest of my joy may rise
By just degrees, and hit at last the Start:
Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by Sword, by Fire,
Or Water? by Assassins, or Poyson? speak:
Or did he languish under some disease?

Ege. Of no distemper, of no blast he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-Fruit that mellow'd long;
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt so sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for four score years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more;
Till, like a Clock worn out with ebbing time,
The Wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Oed. O, let me press thee in my youthful arms,
And smother thy old age in my embraces;
Yes *Polixenus*, yes *Jocasta*, yes *Adrastus*,

Old Polybus, the King my Father's dead.
 Fires shall be kindled in the midst of Thebes:
 I'th' midst of Tumults, Wars, and Pestilence,
 I will rejoice for Polybus his death.

Know, be it known to the limits of the World:
 Yet farther, let it pass yon dazzling roof,
 The mansion of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
 With everlasting peals of Thundring joy.

Tir. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this World?

Oed. Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old wizard Prophet,
 Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now,
 Your Birds of knowledge, that in dusky Air
 Chatter Futurity; and where are now
 Your Oracles, that call'd me Parricide?

Is he not dead? deep laid in's Monument?
 And was not I in Thebes when Fate attack'd him?

Avant, begon, you Vizors of the Gods!

Were I as other Sons, now I should weep:

But as I am, I've reason to rejoice:

And will, tho' his cold shade should rise and blast me.

O, for this death, let Waters break their bounds,

Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with splitting Jo's ring:

Jo, Jocasta, Jo pean sing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude a happy end?

But all Fate's turns are swift and unexpected.

Age. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if

She had no Soul since you forsook the Land,
 Waves all the neighb'ring Princes that adore her.

Oed. Waves all the Princes! poor heart! for what, O speak.

Age. She, tho' in full-blown flow'r of glorious beauty,

Grows cold; ev'n, in the Summer of her Age;

And for your sake has sworn to dye unmarried.

Oed. How! for my sake, dye, and not marry! O,

My fit returns.

Age. This Diamond with a thousand kisses blest,

With thousand sighs and wishes for your safety,

She charg'd me give you, with the general homage

Of our Corinthian Lords.

Oed. There's Magick in it, take it from my sight;

There's not a beam it darts, but carries Hell,

Hot flashing lust, and Necromantick Incest;

Take it from these sick eyes, Oh hide it from me.

No, my *Jocasta*, tho' *Thebes* call me out,

While

While *Merops*'s alive, I'll ne're return!
O, rather let me walk round the wide World
A beggar, than accept a Diadem
On such abhorr'd conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own unhappiness,
By these extravagant and heedless fears.

Oed. Needless! O, all you Gods! by Heav'n I'd rather
Embrue my arms up to my very shoulders
In the dear entrails of the best of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable act
Of damned incest: therefore no more of her.

Age. And why, O sacred Sir, if Subjects may
Presume to look into their Monarch's breast,
Why should the chaste and spotless *Merops*
Infuse such thoughts as I must blush to name?

Oed. Because the God of *Delphos* did forewarn me,
With thundering Oracles.

Age. May I intreat to know 'em?

Oed. Yes, my *Ageon*; but the sad remembrance
Quite blasts my Soul: see then the swelling Priest
Methinks I have his Image now in view:
He mounts the *Tripod* in a minutes space,
His clouded head knocks at the Temple roof,
While from his mouth

These dismal words are heard:

"Fly, wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's blood to spill,
"And with preposterous Births thy Mother's Womb to fill.

Age. Is this the Cause

Why you refuse the Diadem of *Corinth*?

Oed. The Cause! why, is it not a monstrous one?

Age. Great Sir, you may return; and tho' you should
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)
The act would prove no incest.

Oed. How, *Ageon*?

Tho' I enjoy'd my Mother, not incestuous!
Thou rav'st, and so do I, and these all catch
My madness; look, they're dead with deep distraction:
Not incest! what, not incest with my Mother?

Age. My Lord, Queen *Merops* is not your Mother.

Oed. Ha! did I hear thee right? not *Merops*
My Mother!

Age. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.

Oed. Then all my days and nights must now be spent
In curious search, to find out those dark Parents
Who gave me to the World; speak then *Ageon*,
By all the Gods Celestial and Infernal,

By all the ties of Nature, blood and friendship,
Conceal not from this rack'd despairing King
A point or smallest grain of what thou know'st:
Speak then, O answer to my doubts directly.
If Royal Polybus was not my Father,
Why was I call'd his Son?

Age. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the fairest Gift of Nature:
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could bestow in costly Mantles
Upon its Infant Heir.

Oed. But was I made the Heir of *Corinth's* Crown,
Because *Ageon's* hand presented me?

Age. By my advice,
Being past all hope of Children,
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.

Oed. Perhaps I then am yours; instruct me, Sir:
If it be so, I'll kneel and weep before you
With all th' obedience of a penitent Child,
Imploping pardon.

Kill me if you please,
I will not writhe my Body at the wound;
But sink upon your feet with a last sigh,
And ask forgiveness with my dying hands.

Age. O rise, and call not to this aged Cheek
The little blood which should keep warm my heart;
You are not mine, nor ought I to be blest
With such a God-like off-spring: Sir I found you
Upon the Mount *Citharon*.

Oed. O speak, go on, the Air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm:
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that *Jove* were talking.
Citharon! speak, the Vally of *Citharon!*

Age. Oft times before I thither did resort,
Charm'd with the Conversation of a Man
Who led a rural life, and had command
O'er all the Shepherds who about those Vales
Tended their numerous Flocks: In this Man's Arms
I saw you smiling at a fatal Dagger
Whose point he often offer'd at your throat;
But then you smil'd, and then he drew it back;
Then lifted it again, you smil'd again:
Till he at last in fury threw it from him.

And

And cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy death,
Then I rush'd in, and, after some discourse,
To me he did bequeath your innocent life;
And I, the welcome care to Polybas.

Oed. To whom belongs the Master of the Shepherds?

Age. His name I knew not, or have I forgot,
That he was of the Family of *Lajus*,
I will remember.

Oed. And is your Friend alive? for, if he be,
I'll buy his presence, tho' it cost my Crown.

Age. Your menial Attendants best can tell
Whether he lives, or not; and who has now
His place.

Joc. Winds bear me to some barren Island,
Where print of humane Feet was never seen,
O're-grown with Weeds of such a monstrous height,
Their baleful tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds,
Beneath whose venomous shade I may have vent,
For horreur, that would blast the Barbarous World.

Oed. If there be any here that knows the person
Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his life
To speak; concealment shall be sudden death:
But he who brings him forth, shall have reward
Beyond Ambition's lust.

Tyr. His name is *Phorbas*:
Jocasta knows him well; but if I may I advise,
Rest where you are, and seek no farther.

Oed. Then all goes well, Since *Phorbas* is secur'd
By my *Jocasta*. Haste, and bring him forth;
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Ha! what means
These Tears and Groans, and Strugglings? speak my Fears,
What are thy troubles?

Joc. Yours, and yours are mine;
Let me conjure you take the Prophets Council,
And let this *Phorbas* go.

Oed. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my birth, tho' death
Attends the search; I have already pass'd
The middle of the Stream; and to return
Seems greater labour, than to venture off.
Therefore produce him.

Joc. Once more, by the Gods,
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,
My love, my all, my only utmost hope,

I beg you banish *Phorbas*: O, the Gods,
I kneel, that you may grant this first request.
Deny me all things else; but for my sake,
And as you prize your own eternal quiet,
Never let *Phorbas* come into your presence.

Oed. You must be rais'd, and *Phorbas* shall appear,
Tho' his dread eyes were *Befisking*: Guards, haste,
Search the Queens Lodgings; find and force him hither.

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Joc. O, *Oedipus*, yet send,
And stop their entrance, ere it be too late:
Unless you wish to see *Jocasta* rent
With Furies, slain out-right with meer distraction,
Keep from your eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas*.
Forbear this search, I'll think you more than mortal:
Will you yet hear me?

Oed. Tempests will be heard,
And Waves will dash, tho' Rocks their basis keep——
But see, they Enter. If thou truly lov'st me,
Either forbear this subject, or retire.

Enter Hamon, Guards, with Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
A story, that shall turn thee into Stone,
Could there be hew'n a monstrous Gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the Center, by some God,
Through which the groans of Ghosts might strike thy ears,
They would not wound thee, as this Story will.
Hark, hark! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,
Jocasta: yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where first the Mysteries of our loves were acted,
And double dye it with imperial Crimson;
Tear off this curling hair,
Be gorg'd with Fire, stab every vital part,
And, when at last I'm slain, to Crown the horror
My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the ground,
To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound.

[*Ex.*]

Oed. She's gone; and as she went, methought her eyes
Grew larger, while a thousand frantic Spirits
Seething, like rising bubbles, on the brim,
Peep'd from the Warry brink, and glow'd upon me.
I'll seek no more; but hush my Genious up
That throws me on my Fate.——Impossible!

O wretched Man, whose too to busy thoughts
Ride swifter than the galloping Hearn's round,
With an eternal hurry of the Soul,
Nay there's a time when ev'n the rowling year
Seems to stand still, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a breath disturbs the drowzy Waves:
But Man, the very Monster of the World,
Is ne're at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.

Come then, since Destiny thus drives us on,
Let's know the bottom. *Hemon*, you I sent:
Where is that *Phorbas*?

Hem. Here, my Royal Lord.

Oed. Speak first, *Ageon*, say, is this the Man?

Age. My Lord it is: Tho' time has plough'd that face,
With many furrows since I saw it first;
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground, quite to forget it.

Oed. Peace; stand back a while.

Come hither Friend; I hear thy name is *Phorbas*.
Why dost thou turn thy face? I charge thee answer
To what I shall enquire: Wert thou not once
The Servant of King *Laius* here in *Thebes*?

Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
Born and bred up in Court, no foreign Slave.

Oed. What Office hadst thou? what was thy Employment?

Phor. He made me Lord of all his Rural pleasures;
For much he lov'd 'em; oft I entertain'd
With sporting *Swains*, o're whom I had command.

Oed. Where was thy Residence? to what part o'th' Country
Didst thou most frequently resort?

Phor. To Mount *Citharon*, and the pleasant Vallies
Which all about lye shadowing its large feet.

Oed. Come forth *Ageon*. Ha! why starts thou, *Phorbas*?
Forward, I say, and Face to Face confront him,
Look wistly on him, through him if thou can'st,
And tell me on thy Life, say, dost thou know him;
Did'st thou e're see him? converse with him;
Near Mount *Citharon*?

Phor. Who, my Lord, this Man?

Oed. This Man, this old, this venerable Man:
Speak, didst thou ever meet him there?

Phor. Where, sacred Sir?

Oed. Near Mount *Citharon*; answer to the purpose:
*Tis a King speaks; and Royal minutes are
Of much more worth than thousand Vulgar years:

Didst

Did'st thou e're see this Man near Mount *Citharon*?

Phor. Most sure, my Lord, I have seen lines like those.
His Village bears; but know not where nor when.

Age. Is't possible you should forget your ancient Friend?

There are perhaps

Particulars, which may excite your dead remembrance.

Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,

Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vase:

The swadling-bands were Purple, wrought with Gold,

Have you forgot too how you wept and begg'd

That I should breed him up, and ask no more?

Phor. What e're I begg'd; thou, like a Dotard, speak'st

More than is requisite; and what of this?

Why is it mention'd now? and why, O why

Dost thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?

Age. Be not too rash. That Infant grew at last

A King; and here the happy Monarch stands.

Phor. Ha! whither would'st thou? O what hast thou utter'd!

For what thou hast said, Death strike thee dumb for ever.

Oed. Forbear to Curse the innocent; and be

Accurs'd thy self, thou shifting Traytor, Villain,

Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.

Phor. O Heav'n's! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?

Oed. Why speak you not according to my charge?

Bring forth the Rack: since mildness cannot win you,

Torments shall force.

Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir;

You will not Rack an innocent old man.

Oed. Speak then.

Phor. Alas, what would you have me say?

Oed. Did this old man take from your Arms an Infant?

Phor. He did: And, Oh! I wish to all the Gods,

Phor had perish'd in that very moment.

Oed. Moment! Thou shalt be hours, days, years a dying.

Here, bind his hands; he dallies with my fury:

But I shall find a way——

Phor. My Lord, I said

I gave the Infant to him.

Oed. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?

Phor. He was not mine; but given me by another.

Oed. Whence! and from whom? what City? of what House?

Phor. O, Royal Sir, I bow me to the ground,

Would I could sink beneath it: by the Gods,

I do Conjure you to enquire no more.

Oed. Furies and Hell! *Hemon*, bring forth the Rack;
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and Sulphurous flames—
He shall be bound, and gash'd, his skin head off,
And burnt alive.

Phor. O spare my age.

Oed. Rise then, and speak.

Phor. Dread Sir, I will.

Oed. Who gave that Infant to thee?

Phor. One of King *Lajus* Family.

Oed. O, you immortal Gods! but say, who was't?

Which of the Family of *Lajus* gave it?

A Servant; or one of the Royal-Blood?

Phor. O Wretched State! I dye, unless I speak;

And, if I speak, most certain death attends me!

Oed. Thou shalt not dye. Speak then, who was't? Speak,

While I have sense to understand the horror;

For I grow cold.

Phor. The Queen *Jocasta* told me

It was her Son by *Lajus*.

Oed. O you Gods!—But did she give it thee?

Phor. My Lord, she did.

Oed. Wherefore? for what?—O break not yet my heart;

Tho' my eyes burst, no matter: wilt thou tell me,

Or must I ask for ever? for what end?

Why gave she thee her Child?

Phor. To murder it.

Oed. O more than savage! murder her own bowels!

Without a Cause!

Phor. There was a dreadful one,

Which had foretold, that most unhappy Son

Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.

Oed. But, one thing more,

Jocasta told me thou wert by the Chariot

When the old King was slain? Speak, I conjure thee,

For I shall never ask thee ought again,

What was the number of th' Assassinate?

Phor. The dreadful deed was acted but by one;

And sure that one had much of your resemblance.

Oed. 'Tis well: I thank you Gods! 'tis wondrous well!

Daggers, and Poyson; O there is no need

For my dispatch; and you, you merciless Pow'rs,

Hord up your Thunder-stones; keep, keep your Bolts

For Crimes of little note.

Adr. Help, *Hemon*, help, and bow him gently forward!

Chafe,

Chafe, chafe his Temples: how the mighty Spirits,
Half strangled with the damp his sorrows rais'd,
Struggle for vent: but see, he breaths again,
And vigorous Nature breaks through all opposition.
How fares my Royal Friend?

Oed. The worse for you.

O barbarous men, and oh the hated light,
Why did you force me back to curse the day;
To curse my Friends; to blast with this dark breath
The yet untainted Earth and circling Air?
To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,
Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a hand that grasps this Hell
But should run up like Flax all blazing fire.
Stand from this spot, I wish you as my Friends,
And come not near me, lest the gaping Earth
Swallow you too——Lo, I am gone already.

*Draws, and claps his Sword to his breast, which Adrastus
strikes away with his foot.*

Adr. You shall no more be trusted with your life:

Creon, Alcander, Hamon, help to hold him.

Oed. Cruel Adrastus! wilt thou, Hamon, too?

Are these the Obligations of my Friends,
O worse than worst of my most barbarous Foes!
Dear, dear Adrastus, look with half an eye
On my unheard of Woes, and judge thy self,
If it be fit that such a wretch should live!
O, by these melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
With all the low submissions of a Slave,
I do conjure thee give my horrors way;
Talk not of life, for that will make me rave:
As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd wretch,
All mangled o're from head to foot with wounds,
And his bones broke, to wait a better day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impollible;
And I with Justice should be thought your Foe,
To leave you in this Tempest of your Soul.

Adr. Tho' banish'd Thebes, in Corinth you may Reign
Th' Infernal Pow'rs themselves exact no more:
Calm then your rage, and once more seek the Gods.

Oed. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men:
Hence from my Arms, avant. Enjoy thy Mother!

What

What, violate, with Bestial appetite,
The sacred Vells that wrapt thee yet unborn,
This is not to be born; hence; off, I say;
For they who let my Vengeance, make themselves
Accomplices in my most horrid guilt.

Adr. Let it be so; we'll fence Heav'n's fury from you,
And suffer all together: This perhaps,
When ruine comes, may help to break your fall.

Oed. O that, as oft I have at Athens seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
So now in very deed I might behold

The pond'rous Earth, and all yon marble Roof
Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush Mankind:
For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs

Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
Conspire the rack of out-cast Oedipus.

Fall darkness then, and everlasting night
Shadow the Globe; may the Sun never dawn,
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb;

And for an Universal rout of Nature
Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,

May there not be a glimpse, one Starry spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and justice in the dark.
That jars may rise, and wrath Divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World.

[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I

Creon, Alcander, Pyracmon:

Cre. **T**HEBES is at length my own; and all my wishes,
Which sure were great as Royalty ere form'd;
Fortune and my auspicious Stars have Crown'd:
O Diadem, thou Center of ambition,
Where all its different Lines, are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the burning glass of Glory!

Py. Might I be Counsellor, I wou'd intreat you
To cool a little, Sir;
Find out *Eurydice*;

And, with the resolution of a man
Mark'd out for greatness, give the fatal Choice
Of death or marriage.

Alc. Survey cur'd *Oedipus*,
As one who, tho' unfortunate, 's belov'd,
Thought innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you must mark him dead:
Since nothing but his death, not banishment,
Can give assurance to your doubtful Reign.

Cre. Well have you done, to snatch me from the storm
Of racking Transport, where the little streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the under passions,
As waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire.

Therefore, *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice shall dye, or be my Bride.

Alcander, Summon to their Master's aid
My Menial Servants, and all those whom change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's favour,
Can win to take our part: Away. What now?

[Exit Alcander]

Enter Hamon.

When *Hamon* weeps, without the help of Ghosts,
I may foretell there is a fatal Cause;

Ham. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate King?

[Exit Hamon]

Cre

Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
 Into his Closet, where I saw him fling
 His trembling Body on the Royal Bed:
 All left him there, at his desire, alone:
 But sure no ill, unless he dy'd with grief,
 Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.

Hem. I did; and, having lock'd the door, I stood,
 And through a chink I found, not only heard,
 But saw him, when he thought no eye beheld him:
 At first, deep sighs heav'd from his woful heart,
 Murmurs and groans, that shook the outward Rooms,
 And art thou still alive, Oh wretch! he cry'd
 Then groan'd again, as if his wretched Soul
 Had crack'd the strings of Life, and burst away.

Cre. I weep to hear; how then should I have griev'd
 Had I beheld this wondrous heap of Sorrow!
 But, to the fatal period.

Hem. Thrice he struck;
 With all his force, his hollow groaning breath
 And thus, with out-cries, to himself complain'd
 But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st it well,
 These bubbles of the shallowest emptiest sorrow,
 Which Children vent for toys, and Women vain
 For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on;
 Yet these thou think'st are ample satisfaction
 For bloudest Murder, and for burning Lust;
 No, Parricide, if thou must weep, weep blood;
 Weep Eyes, instead of Tears: O, by the Gods,
 'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my woes.
 Which said, he smil'd revengefully, and leapt
 Upon the floor; thence gazing at the Skies,
 His Eye-balls fiery Red, and glowing vengeance,
 Gods, I accuse you not, tho' I no more
 Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable glasses
 The mighty Soul's immortal Perspectives,
 I find your dazzling Beings: Take, he cry'd,
 Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal farewell-view;
 When with a groan, that seem'd the call of Death,
 With horrid force lifting his impious hands,
 He snatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
 The Balls of sight, and dash'd 'em on the ground:
Cre. A Master-piece of horror; now and dreadful horror!

Hem. I ran to succour him; but, on his wretched
 For he had pluck'd the remnants of sight away;
 What

What then remains, but that I find *Tiresias*,
Who, with his Wisdom, may allay those Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul?

Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy care; most honest, faithful, foolish *Haman*?
But see, *Alexander* enters, well attended.

Enter Alexander, attended.

I see thou hast been diligent.

Alc. Nothing these,
For Number, to the Crouds that soon will follow;
Be resolute,
And call your utmost Fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou hast given
Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
These eyes be clos'd, till they behold *Adrastus*,
Stretch'd at the feet of false *Eurydice*.
But see, they're here! retire a while, and mark.

Enter Adrastus, Eurydice, attended.

Adr. Alas, *Eurydice*, what fond rash man,
What inconsiderate and ambitious Fool,
That shall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*,
Will dare, with his frail hand, to grasp a Scepter?

Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown seems dreadful, and I wish
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass
Our softer hours in humble Cells away:
Not but I love you to that infinite height,
I could (O wondrous proof of fiercest Love)
Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.

Adr. Take then this most lov'd innocence away,
Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*,
From blood and Murder,
Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
Rapes, Death, and Treason, from that Fury *Creon*;
Vouchsafe that I, o're-joy'd, may hear you hence,
And at your Feet present the Crown of *Argos*.

Creon and Attendants come up to him.

Cre. I have o're-heard thy black design, *Adrastus*:
And therefore, as a Traytor to this State,

Death ought to be thy Lot: let it suffice
That *Thebes* surveys thee as a Prince; abuse not
Her proffer'd mercy, but retire betimes,
Lest she repent and hasten on thy Doom.

Adr. Think not, most abject,
Most abhor'd of Men,

Adrastus will vouchsafe to answer thee;

Theban, to you I justify my Love:

I have address'd my Prayers to this fair Princess:

But, if I ever meant a violence,

Or thought to Ravish, as that Traytor did,

What humblest Adorations could not win;

Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul dishonour,

And let men curse me by the name of *Croon*.

Eur. Hear me, *O Theban*, if you dread the wra

Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,

Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your lives,

To take the part of that Rebellious Traytor,

By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,

By Queen *Jocasta's* order, by what's more,

My own dear Vows of everlasting Love,

I here resign to Prince *Adrastus Arms*

All that the World can make me Mistress of.

Cre. O perjur'd Woman!

Draw all; and when I give the word, fall on

Traytor, resign the Princess, or this moment

Expect, with all those most unfortunate wretches,

Upon this spot straight to be hewn in pieces.

Adr. No, Villain, no;

With twice those odds of men,

I doubt not in this Cause,

To vanquish thee.

Captain, remember to your care I give

My Love; ten thousand thousand times more dear

Than Life, or Liberty.

Cre. Fall on, *Alexander*.

Pyrramon, you and I must wheel about

For nobler Game, the Princess.

Adr. Ah, Traytor, dost thou thus men

Follow, follow,

My brave Companions; see, the Cowards fly.

[*Ex. fighting: Creon's Party beaten off by Adrastus.*

Enter

Enter Oedipus.

O. O, 'tis too little this, thy loss of sight,
 What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now.
 The more; be pointed at, there goes the Monster?
 Nor have I hid my horrors from my self:
 For tho' corporeal light be lost for ever,
 The bright reflecting Soul, through glaring Opticks,
 Presents in larger size her black Ideas,
 Doubling the bloody prospect of my Crimes:
 Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
 With Wife and Mother, Tortures, Hell, and Furies.
 Ha! now the baleful off-spring's brought to light!
 In horrid form they rank themselves before me.
 What shall I call this Medley of Creation?
 Here one, with all th' obedience of a Son,
 Borrowing *Jocasta's* look, kneels at my Feet,
 And calls me Father, there a sturdy Boy,
 Resembling *Laius* just as when I kill'd him,
 Bears up, and with his cold hand grasping mine,
 Cries out, how fares my Brother Oedipus?
 What, Sons and Brothers! Sisters and Daughters too?
 Fly all, begon, fly from my whirling brain,
 Hence, Incest, Murder; hence, you ghastly figures!
 O Gods! Gods, answer; is there any mean?
 Let me go mad, or dye.

Enter *Jocasta*.

Joc. Where, where is this most wretched of mankind,
 This stately Image of imperial Sorrow,
 Whose story told, whose very name but mention'd,
 Would cool the rage of Fevers, and unlock
 The hand of Lust from the pail Virgin's hair,
 And throw the Ravisher before her feet?
Oed. By all my fears, I think *Jocasta's* Voice!
 Hence; fly; begon: O thou far worse than war!
 Of damning Charms! O abhor'd, loath'd Creature!
 Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
 Far as the East, West, North, or South of Heav'n,
 But think not thou shalt ever enter there:
 The Golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
 Gainst thee, and me; and the Celestial Guards,

Still

Still as we rise, will dash our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two Worlds of Woe!

Oed. Art thou not gone then? ha!
How darst thou stand the Fury of the Gods?
Or com'st thou in the Grave to reap new pleasures?

Joc. Talk on: till thou make me my rowling brain
Groan still more Death: and may those dismal thoughts
Still bubble on, and pour forth blood and tears.
Methinks at such a meeting, Heav'n stands still,
The Sea nor Ebbs, nor Flows: the Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: the balls of sinners cease:
Yet hear me on—

Oed. Speak then, and blast my Soul.

Joc. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I resolve a King
To match my Crimes; by all my Sufferings
'Tis horror, worse than thou and thou and death,
To send me hence without a kind farewell.

Oed. Gods, how she shakes me! say then, O *Jocasta*,
Speak something e're thou goest for ever from me.

Joc. 'Tis Woman's weakness, that I would be paid
Pardon me then, O greatest, tho' most wretched,
Of all thy Kind: my Soul is on the brink,
And sees the boiling Furnace just beneath:
Do not thou push me off, and I will go
With such a willingness, as if that Heav'n
With all its glories glow'd for my reception.

Oed. O, in my heart, I feel the pangs of Nature;
It works with kindness o're: Give, give me way;
I feel a melting here, a tenderness,

Too mighty for the anger of the Gods!
Direct me to thy knees, yet oh forbear:

Left the dead embers should revive,
Stand off ——— and at just distance

Let me groan my horrors ——— here

On the Earth, here blow my utmost Gale;

Here sob my Sorrows, till I burst with sighing:

Here gasp and Languish out my wounded Soul.

Joc. In spite of all those Crimes the cruel Gods
Can charge me with, I know my Innocence;

Know yours: 'tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,

For you are still my Husband.

Oed. Swear I am,

And I'll believe thee; steal into thy Arms,

Renew endearments, think 'em no pollutions,
But chaste as Spirits joys: gently I'll come,
Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,
And fold thee softly in my Arms to slumbers.

[The Ghost of Laius ascends by degrees pointing at Jocasta.]

Joc. Begon, my Lord! Alas, what are we doing?
Fly from my Arms! Whirl-winds, Seas, Continents,
And Worlds, divide us! O thrice happy thou,
Who hast no use of Eyes: for here's a light
Would turn the melting face of Mercy's self
To a wild Fury.

Oed. Ha! what seest thou there?

Joc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
How wan he looks!

Oed. Thou rav'st; thy Husband's here:

Joc. There, there he mounts,
In circling fire, amongst the blushing Clouds!
And see, he waves *Jocasta* from the World!

Ghost, Jocasta, Oedipus [Heaven with Thunder.]

Oed. What wouldst thou have?
Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In darkness here, and kept from means of death.
I've heard a Spirits force is wonderful:
At whose approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does shake, and the old Ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and Towers are shunder'd down:
And walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant,
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Joc. Was that a Raven's Creak, or my Son's Voice?
No matter which, I'll to the Grave, and hide me:
Earth open, or I'll tear thy bowels up.
Hark! he goes on, and blabs the deed of incest.

Oed. Strike then, Imperial Ghost; dash all at once
This House of Clay into a thousand pieces:
That my poor lingering Soul may take her flight
To your immortal Dwellings.

Joc. Halts thee then,
Or I shall be before thee: See, thou canst not see;
Then I will tell thee that my wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a post Divine
Glide all along the gaudy Milky loil,
To find my *Laius* out; ask every God

In his bright Palace, if he know my *Lajus*!
My murder'd *Lajus*!

Oed. Ha! how? this, *Jocasta*?
Nay, if thy brain be sick, then thou art happy.

Joc. Ha! will you not? shall I not find him out?
Will you not show him? are my tears despis'd?

Why, then I'll Thunder, yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my cries: yes, cruel Gods,

Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my heart,
I'll snatch Celestial flames, fire all your dwellings,

Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your doors
Of Crystal lye from off their Diamond Hinges,

Drive you all out from your Ambrosial Hives,
To swarm like Bees about the field of Heaven

This will I do, unless you show me *Lajus*!
My dear, my Murder'd Lord. *O Lajus! Lajus! Lajus!*

[*Ex. Jocasta.*]

Oed. Excellent grief! why, this is as it should be:
No Mourning can be suitable to Crimes

Like ours, but what Death makes, or Minerva forms,
I could have with'd methought for fight again,

To mark the gallantry of her distraction,
Her blazing Eyes darting the wandering stars,

Thave seen her mouth the Heav'ns, and mate the Gods,
While with her Thundring Voice she menac'd high,

And every Accent rang'd with smother'd sorrow,
But what's all this to thee? thou coward yet

Art living, canst not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death:

Tho' thousand ways lead to his thousand doors,
Which day and night are still unbar'd for all.

[*Clashing of Swords: Drums and Trumpets without.*]
Hark! 'tis the noise of clashing Swords! the sound

Comes near: O, that a battle would come o're me,
If I but grasp a Sword: or wrest a Dagger,

I'll make a ruine with the first that falls.

Enter Hemon, with Guards.

Hem. Seize him, and bear him to the Western-Tower:
Pardon me, sacred Sir; I am inform'd

That *Creon* has designs upon you life:

Forgive

Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,
I order your Confinement.

Oed. Slaves unhand me.

I think thou hast a Sword: 'twas the wrong side.

Yet, cruel *Hamon*, think not I will live;

He that could tear his eyes out, sure can find

Some desperate way to stifle this curst breath;

Or if I starve! but that's a lingering Fate;

Or if I leave my brains upon the wall!

The Aciery Soul can easily o're-shoot

Those bounds with which thou striv'st to pale her in:

Yes, I will perish in despite of thee;

And, by the rage that fires me, if I meet thee

In the other World, I'll curse thee for this usage.

[*Exit.*]

Ham. *Tiresias*, after him; and with your Counsel

Advise him humbly; Charm, if possible,

These feuds within: while I without extingulsh,

Or perish in th' Attempt, the Furious *Creon*;

That Brand which sets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n prosper your intent, and give a period

To all your Plagues: what old *Tiresias* can

Shall straight be done. Lead, *Manto* the Tow'r. [*Ex. Tir. Manto.*]

Ham. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray, [Trumpets again.]

Or fall together in the bloody broil.

[*Ex.*]

Enter Creon with Eurydice, Pyraemon and his Party giving ground to Adrastus.

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adrastus* Prince of *Argo*,
Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Prisoner.

Adr. What would'st thou, Hell-hound?

Cre. See this brandish'd Dagger:

Forgo th' advantage which thy Arms have won,

Or, by the blood which trembles through the heart

Of her whom more than life I know thou lov'st,

I'll bury to the hilt, in her fair Breast,

This Instrument of my Revenge.

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd wretch; hold, stop thy bloody hand.

Cre. Give order then, that on this instant now,
This moment, all thy Souldiers straight disband.

Adr. Away my Friends, since Fate has so allotted:
Begin, and leave me to the Villain's mercy.

Ew. Ah, my *Adrastus*! call 'em, call 'em back!
Stand there; come back! O, cruel barbarous Men!

K

Could)

Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After so bravely having fought his Cause,
To perish by the hand of this base Villain?
Why rather rush you not at once together
All to his ruine? drag him through the Streets,
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
Nor let my death affright you.

Cre. Dye first thy self then.

Adr. O, I charge thee hold!
Hence, from my present all: he's not my Friend
That disobeys: See, art thou now appear'd?
Or is there ought else yet remains to do
That can atone thee? slake thy thirst of blood
With mine: but save, O save that innocent wretch.

Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy self my Prisoner.

Enr. Yet while there's any dawn of hope to save
Thy precious life, my dear *Adrastus*,
What-e're thou dost, deliver us thy Sword
With that thou may'st get off, tho' odds oppose thee
For me, O, fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
His horrid love will spare me: Keep thy Sword;
Lest I be sav'd after thou art slain.

Adr. Instruct me, Gods! what shall *Adrastus* do?

Cre. Do what thou wilt, when she is dead: my Souldiers
With numbers will o're-pow'r thee. Is't thy wish
Enrydice should fall before thee?

Adr. Traytor, no:

Better that thou and I, and all mankind
Should be no more.

Creon. Then cast thy Sword away;

And yield thee to my mercy, or I strike.

Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a moments pause.

My Father, when he blest me, gave me this;

My Son, said he, let this be thy last refuge;

If thou forego'st it, misery attends thee;

Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all

The hazard of my life I never lost.

'Tis this, my faithful Sword, my only trust;

Tho' my heart tells me that the gift is fatal.

Cre. Fatal yes, foolish Love-sick Prince, it shall be;

Thy arrogance, thy scorn,

My wounds remem'r'd vance,

Turn all at once the fatal point upon thee.

Pyrramon, to the Palace, dispatch

The

The King: hang *Hæmon* up, for he is Loyal,
And will oppose me: Come, Sir, are you ready?

Adr. Yes, Villain, for what ever thou canst dare.

Eur. Hold, *Creon*, or through me, through me you wound.

Adr. Off, Madam, or we perish both; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my Ponyard's in my hand:
Therefore away.

Eur. I'll guard your life with mine.

Cre. Dye both then; there is now no time for dallying;
[Kills *Eurydice*.

Eur. Ah, Prince, farewell! farewell, my dear *Adrastus*. [Dyes.

Adr. Unheard of Monster! eldest born of Hell!

Down, to thy Primitive Flames: [Strbs *Creon*.

Cre. Help, Souldiers, help:
Revenge me.

Adr. More; yet more: a thousand wounds!
I'll stamp thee still, thus, to the gaping Furies.

[*Adrastus* falls, kill'd by the Souldiers.

Enter *Hæmon*, *Guards*, with *Alexander* and *Pyrramon* bound:
the Assassins are driven off.

O *Hæmon*, I am slain; nor need I name
The inhumane Author of all Villanies;
There he lyes gasping.

Cre. If I must plunge in Flames,
Burn first my Arm; base Instrument, unfit
To act the dictates of my daring mind:
Burn, burn for ever, O weak substitute
Of that, the God, Ambition.

[Dyes;

Adr. She's gone; O deadly marks-man, in the heart!
Yet in the pangs of death she grasps my hand:
Her lips too tremble, as if she would speak
Her last Farewell. O, *Œdipus*, thy fall
Is great; and nobly now thou goest attended!
They talk of Heroes, and Celestial beauties,
And wondrous pleasures in the other World;
Let me but find her there, I ask no more.

[Dyes;

Enter a Captain to *Hæmon*: with *Pirelias* and *Manto*.

Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocasta*, swift and wild,
As a robb'd Tygres bounding o're the Woods,
Has

Has acted Murders that damn Mankind;
In twisted Gold I saw her Daughters hang
On the Bed Royal; and her little Sons
Stabb'd through the breasts upon the bloody Pillows.

Ham. Relentless Heav'n! Is then the Fate of *Laius*
Never to be Aton'd? How sacred ought
Kings lives be held; when but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's blood for Expiation?
But see! the furious mad *Jocasta's* here.

*Scene Draws, and discovers Jocasta held by her Women, and stabb'd
in many places of her bosom, her hair dishevel'd, her Children
slain upon the Bed.*

Was ever such a sight of so much horror,
And pity, brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel Women!

Will you not let me take my last farewell
Of those dear Babes? O let me run and seal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling wounds!
I'll print upon their Coral mouths such Kisses,
As shall recall their wandring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal.
Help, *Hamon*, help:
Help *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocasta* Dyes.

Enter Oedipus above.

Oed. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods
'Tis quite unbarr'd: sure by the distant noise,
The height will fit my Fatal purpose well.

Joc. What 'hoa, my *Oedipus*; see where he stands!
His groping Ghost is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount my Soul;
I'll wrap thy shivering Spirit in Lambent Flames! and so we'll sail:
But see! we're landed on the happy Coast;
And all the Golden Strands are cover'd o're
With Glorious Gods, that come to try our Cause:
Jove, Jove, whose Majesty now sinks me down,
He who himself burns in unlawful fires,
Shall judge, and shall acquit us. O, 'tis done;
'Tis fix'd by Fate, upon Record Divine:
And *Oedipus* shall now be ever mine.

[*Dyes.*

Oed. Speak, *Hamon*, what has Fate been doing there?

What dreadful deed has mad *Jocasta* done?

Ham. The Queen her self, and all your wretched Off-spring,
Are by her Fury slain.

Oed.

Oed. By all my Woe,
 She has out-done me, in Revenge and Murder;
 And I should envy her the sad applause:
 But, Oh! my Children! Oh, what have they done?
 This was not like the mercy of the Heav'n,
 To set her madness on such Cruelty:
 This stirs me more than all my sufferings,
 And with my last breath I must call you Tyrants.

Ham. What mean you, Sir?

Oed. *Jocasta!* lo, I come.

O *Laius*, *Labdacus*, and all you Spirits
 Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me,
 All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore;
 Extend your Arms t' embrace me; for I come;
 May all the Gods too from their Battlements
 Behold and wonder at a Mortal's daring;
 And, when I knock the Goal of dreadful death,
 Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder:
 Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
 Swift as a falling Meteor; lo, I fly,
 And thus go downwards, to the darker Sky.

[Thunder. He flings himself from the Window.

The Thebans gather about his Body.

Hamon. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now no more!

O curs'd Effect of the most deep Despair!

Oed. Cease your Complaints, and bear his body hence:

The dreadful sight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
 Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with Peace and Glory:
 Yet by these terrible Examples warn'd,
 The sacred Fury that Alarms the World.
 Let none, tho' ne're so virtuous, Great, and High,
 Be judg'd entirely blest before they Dye.

EPILOGUE

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
 Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
 And therefore Two lay tugging at the piece,
 With all their force, to draw the ponderous Mass from Greece.
 A weight that bent even Seneca's strong Arm,
 And which Cornaille's Shoulders did refuse.
 So hard it is to 'Athenian Harp' to string,
 So much two Consuls yield to one just King.
 Terror and pity this whole Poem shew,
 The mightiest Machines that can draw a Play.
 How heavy will these vulgar Souls be found,
 Whom two such Engines cannot move from ground.
 When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this Birth,
 You can but Damn for one poor spot of Earth.
 And when your Children find your judgment such,
 They'll scorn their Sires, and wish themselves born Dutch;
 Each haughty Poet will infer with ease,
 How much his Wit must under-write to please.
 As some strong Charle would brandishing advance
 The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
 So you by judging this, your judgment reach
 Thus far you like, that is thus far you reach.
 Since then the Vote of full two Thousand years
 Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs;
 Think it a Debt you pay, not what you give,
 And in your own defence, let this Play live.
 Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
 To praise his worth, they humbly doubt their own.
 Yet as weak States each others pow'r assure,
 Weak Poets by Conjunction are secure.
 Their Treat is what your Pallats relish most,
 Charm! Song! and Shaw! a Murder, and a Ghost!
 We know not what you can desire or hope,
 To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

FINIS.